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THE OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY.

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WHITHER shall I go from Thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from Thy Presence?—If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me.

Psalm cxxxix, v. 7—10.

THE

OMNIPRESENCE

OF

THE DEITY.

A POEM.

By ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

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SECOND EDITION,
REVISED AND ENLARGED.

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TO

THE RIGHT REVEREND

WILLIAM HOWLEY, D.D.,

LORD BISHOP OF LONDON,

THIS POEM

IS

(BY PERMISSION)

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

HIS VERY GRATEFUL AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

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DURING the brief interval that has elapsed between the first and second edition, the Author has carefully revised the Poem; and trusts that, in its present state, it will be found more deserving that welcome with which the Public were pleased to greet its first introduction into the world.

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'Tis midnight; from unnumber'd shadowy spires
Funereal wails for the departing day
Arise, as from a host of yawning tombs;
Awhile the pealing echoes float around,
Then faintly ebb upon the breezy air,
And wind away into the starry skies!

There is a voiceless melanch'ly that wakes
The heart's mysterious chords, until they stir
Like air, by music charm'd, when on the verge
Of Time's unfathom'd gulf, the dying hours
Drop into dark eternity!—A Day
Is dead! and with it, many a breathing shape
Of life, shall breathe no more. Many an eye
That smiled upon the morn, is film'd and cold;

Many a heart that leapt with living joy
Is spiritless and still. A solemn thought,
Truth-born, and deep; but Life o'ershadows Death
Beneath her brilliant wings; and day on day,
And hour on hour is piled; yet unappall'd
We glitter on life's varied road, until at last
The death-knell mutters o'er our tombs, and some
Communer with the midnight, when he hears
The dusky steeples moaning to the clouds,
Shall close his eye, and say—"Another day is dead!"—
And thus rolls on the busy, battling world,
Clogg'd with a weighty mass of joy and woe.

'Tis midnight; and before me lies outspread
A sleeping city, with its towers and domes
All shapeless and sublime, and darkly girt
With funeral air, save where the casement sheds
Its lambent smile around: And here, alone,

With few to bless, and bless'd by few, I sit
And muse, until Imagination grasp
The universe! and trace in every isle
That gems the sea, and every land that blooms
Beneath the sun, the sleepless power of God,
That with a veil of love invests the world.

But see! the Moon unrobes, and from her face
Beauty goes forth, and fills the heavens with light,
Till the vast concave blossometh with stars!
At such an hour, while weary Nature sleeps,
And Silence walks the world,—pervading God!
Awe-smote, before thy viewless throne I lay
A sacrifice of feelings, flash'd from Thee
Into immortal man!—But who shall paint,
Or mete with words, the majesty of God?
Ineffable, sublime, supreme—beyond
The lip of cherubim to tell—Alone!—

Glimps'd in the lightning—in the thunder heard—
Creation in Thy grasp,—Thy throne in Heaven
Eternity unroll'd beneath Thine eye!—
Still on the earth Thy shadow's seen; and oh!
Among the meads, or by the mazy rills,
Or on the mountains mantled by thy smile,
Or by the wave-beat shore,—where'er I roam
In sweet companionship with Thought, I feel
Thee by;—an unseen Presence ruling All.

If aught, then, of the mind's devotion warm
The poet's page; if feelings from the soul
Gush into glowing verse, from Thee deriv'd,
Receive it, God! and may it glide around
The world, and win to heaven harmonious minds.

Bath, March 2, 1828.

THE

OMNIPRESENCE

OF

THE DEITY.

ANALYSIS OF PART I.

THE Poem opens with an apostrophe to the DEITY—He was, ere Time began—Vision of the Creation—We cannot escape the Omnipresent God—He pervades all things—Allusion to His appearance on Mount Sinai—The Red Sea—Nature attests the presence of her Architect—The impossibility of perfectly tracing the Deity's influence: we can only select those scenes which impressively demonstrate it—The thunder—The ocean-tempest—The Presence of the Deity felt in the repose of Nature—The calm which succeeds a storm—Aspirations awakened by a view of the setting sun.

The hand of God is next traced in a rapid view of the Seasons:—Spring—Mountains—Sacred feelings kindled by the sight of an august ruin—The Convalescent—The Heavens—A moonlight Walk—The soul conscious of its celestial origin—Every clime an object of the Deity's care—Condensed view of His Providence—Not only nature, but human life, in all its diversified forms, regulated by Him.

PART I.

THOU UNCREATE, UNSEEN, and UNDEFINED,
Source of all life, and fountain of the mind;
Pervading SPIRIT, whom no eye can trace,
Felt through all time, and working in all space,
Imagination cannot paint that spot,
Around, above, beneath, where Thou art not!

Before the glad stars hymn'd to new-born Earth,
Or young Creation revell'd in its birth,

Thy Spirit moved upon the pregnant deep,
Unchain'd the waveless waters from their sleep,
Bade Time's majestic wings to be unfurl'd,
And out of Darkness drew the breathing World!

Primeval Power! before Thy thunder rang,
And Nature from Eternity outsprang!—
Ere matter form'd at Thy creative tone,
Thou wert; Almighty, Endless, and Alone;
In Thine own essence, all that was to be,—
Sublime, unfathomable Deity:
Thou said'st—and lo! a Universe was born,
And light flash'd from Thee, for her birth-day morn!

The Earth unshrouded all her beauty now;
The mountain monarch bared his awful brow,

Flowers, fruits, and trees felt instantaneous life;—
But, hark! Creation trembles with the strife
Of roaring waves in wild commotion hurl'd.—
'Tis Ocean winding round the rocking world!

And next, triumphant o'er the green-clad Earth,
The universal Sun burst into birth,
And dash'd from off his altitude sublime
The first dread ray that mark'd commencing Time!
Last came the moon upon the wings of light,
And sat in glory on the throne of Night,
While, fierce and fresh, a radiant host of stars
Wheel'd round the heavens upon their burning cars!

But all was dismal as a world of dead,
Till the great Deep her living swarms outspread;

Forth from her teeming bosom, sudden came
Immingled monsters,—mighty, without name;
Then plumy tribes wing'd into being there,
And play'd their gleamy pinions on the air,
Till thick as dews upon a twilight green,
Earth's living creatures rose upon the scene!

Creation's master-piece! a breath of God,
Ray of His glory, quicken'd at His nod,
Immortal Man came next, divinely grand,
Glorious and perfect from his Maker's hand;
Last, softly beautiful as music's close,
Angelic Woman into being rose.

And now, the gorgeous Universe was rife,
Full, fair, and glowing with created life;

And when the Eternal, from his starry height,
Beheld the young world basking in his light,
And breathing incense of deep gratitude,
He bless'd it,—for His mercy made it good!

And thus, THOU wert, and art, the Fountain Soul,
And countless worlds around Thee live and roll;
In sun and shade, in ocean and in air,
Diffused, yet undiminish'd—everywhere:
All life and motion from Thy source began,
From worlds to atoms, angels down to man.

Lord of all being! where can Fancy fly,
To what far realms, unmeasur'd by Thine eye?
Where can we hide beneath Thy blazing sun,
Where dwell'st THOU not, the boundless, viewless One?

Shall Guilt couch down within the cavern's gloom,
And quiv'ring, groaning, meditate her doom?
Or scale the mountains, where the whirlwinds rest,
And in the night-blast cool her fiery breast?
In vain, in vain, may guilt-stung Fancy fly,
Creation's mirror'd on Thy sleepless eye;
Within the cavern-gloom, Thine eye can see,
The sky-clad mountains lift their heads to Thee!
Thy Spirit rides upon the thunder-storms,
Dark'ning the skies into terrific forms!
Beams in the lightning, rocks upon the seas,
Roars in the blast, and whispers in the breeze;
In calm and storm, in Heaven and Earth Thou art,
Trace but Thy works—they bring Thee to the heart!

The fulness of Thy Presence who can see?
Man cannot live, great God! and look on Thee;
Around thy form eternal lightnings glow,—
Thy voice appals the shudd'ring world below.

Oh! Egypt felt Thee when, by signs unscared,
To mock Thy might, the rebel monarch dared;
Thou look'dst—and Ocean sever'd at the glance!
Undaunted, still the charioteers advance;
Thou look'dst again—she clash'd her howling waves,
And gorged the tyrants in unfathom'd graves!

On Sinai's mountain, when Thy glory came
In rolls of thunder, and in clouds of flame;

There, while volcanic smoke Thy throne o'ercast,
And the mount shrunk beneath the trumpet-blast,
How did Thy Presence smite all Israel's eye!
How dreadful were the gleams of Deity!

There is a voiceless eloquence on Earth,
Telling of Him who gave her wonders birth;
And long may I remain the adoring child
Of Nature's majesty, sublime or wild;
Hill, flood, and forest, mountain, rock, and sea,
All take their terrors and their charms from Thee,
From Thee, whose hidden but supreme control
Moves through the world, a universal soul.

But who could trace Thine unrestricted course,
Though Fancy followed with immortal force?

There's not a blossom fondled by the breeze,
There's not a fruit that beautifies the trees,
There's not a particle in sea or air,
But Nature owns Thy plastic influence there!
With fearful gaze, still be it mine to see
How all is fill'd and vivified by Thee;
Upon Thy mirror, earth's majestic view,
To paint Thy Presence, and to feel it too.

Ye giant winds! that from your gloomy sleep
Rise in your wrath, and revel on the deep;
Lightnings! that are the mystic gleams of God,
That glanc'd when on the sacred mount he trod;
And ye, ye thunders! that begird His form,
Pealing your loud hosannahs o'er the storm!

Around me rally in your mingled might,
And strike my being with a dread delight;
Sublimely musing, let me pause and see,
And pour my awe-struck soul, O God! to Thee.

A thunder-storm!—the eloquence of heaven,
When every cloud is from its slumber riven,
Who hath not paused beneath its hollow groan,
And felt Omnipotence around him thrown?
With what a gloom the ush'ring scene appears!
The leaves all flutt'ring with instinctive fears,
The waters curling with a fellow dread,
A breezeless fervour round creation spread,
And, last, the heavy rain's reluctant shower,
With big drops patt'ring on the tree and bower,

While wizard shapes the bowing sky deform,—
All mark the coming of the thunder-storm!

Oh! now to be alone, on some grand height,
Where heaven's black curtains shadow all the sight,
And watch the swollen clouds their bosom clash,
While fleet and far the living lightnings flash,—
To mark the caverns of the sky disclose
The furnace-flames that in their wombs repose,
And see the fiery arrows fall and rise,
In dizzy chase along the rattling skies,—
How stirs the spirit while the echoes roll,
And God, in thunder, rocks from pole to pole!

And Thou, vast Ocean! on whose awful face
Time's iron feet can print no ruin-trace,

By breezes lull'd, or by the storm-blasts driv'n,
Thy majesty uplifts the mind to heaven.

Tremendous art thou! in thy tempest-ire,
When the mad surges to the clouds respire,
And, like new Apennines from out the sea,
Thy waves march on in mountain majesty!
Oh! never did the dark-soul'd ATHEIST stand,
And watch the breakers boiling on the strand,
And while Creation stagger'd at his nod,
Mock the dread presence of the mighty God!
We hear Him in the wind-heav'd ocean's roar,
Hurling her billowy crags upon the shore;
We hear Him in the riot of the blast,
And shake, while rush the raving whirlwinds past!

But not alone, when waves and whirlwinds rise,
And wing their voices through the startled skies;
Not in the storm, the thunder, or the sea,
Alone, we feel Thy dread UBIQUITY:
In calmer scenes, and the unruffled hour,
Our still'd hearts own Thine omnipresent power.

List! now the cradled winds have hush'd their roar,
And infant waves curl pouting to the shore,
While Nature seems to wake up fresh and clear
As Hope emerging from the gloom of fear,—
And the bright dew-bead on the bramble lies,
Like liquid rapture upon beauty's eyes,—
How heavenly 'tis to take the pensive range,
And mark 'tween storm and calm the lovely change!

First comes the Sun, unveiling half his face,
Like a coy virgin, with reluctant grace,
While dark clouds, skirted with his slanting ray,
Sink, one by one, in azure depths away,
Till pearly shapes, like molten billows, lie,
Along the tinted bosom of the sky:
Next, breezes murmur with harmonious charm,
Panting and wild, as children of the storm;
Now sipping flowers, now making blossoms shake,
Or weaving ripples on the grass-green lake;
And thus the Tempest dies; and bright, and still,
The rainbow drops upon the distant hill:
And now, while bloom and breeze their charms unite,
And all is glowing with a rich delight,

God! who can tread upon the breathing ground,
Nor feel Thee present, where Thy smiles abound!

When Day hath roll'd into his rosy bower,
And Twilight comes—the Poet's pensive hour;
When dream-like murmurs from the mazy wind
Romantic glide into his gentle mind;
Then Nature's beauty, cloth'd with dewy light,
Melts on the heart, like music through the Night.

And, not in vain, voluptuous Eventide,
Thy dappled clouds along th' horizon glide,
For, oh! while heaven and earth grow dumb with bliss,
In homage to an hour divine as this,
How sweet, upon yon mountain's azure brow,
While ruddy sun-beams gild the crags below,

To stand, and mark, with meditative view,
Where the far ocean faints in hazy blue,
While on the bosom of the midway deep
The emerald waves in flashing dimples leap;
Here, as we view the burning god of time,
Wrapp'd in a shroud of glory, sink sublime,
Thoughts of immortal beauty spring to birth,
And waft the soul beyond the dreams of earth.

And who hath gazed upon the bright-wing'd Morn,
Breezy and fresh, from out the ocean born;
Her rich-wove cloud-wreaths, and the rainbow hues
From heaven reflected on Creation's views;
Or mark'd the wonders of a day depart,
Nor felt a heaven-caught influence at his heart?

Through all the seasons' varying course of love,
Who hath not traced the Spirit from above?
The howl of Winter in the leafless wood,
The sleepy snow-storm, and the whelming flood,
Or Summer's flush, or Autumn, robed in grey,
Whirling the red leaves round her bleak-worn way,
All tell one tale of Heaven. But thou, young Spring,
Glad as the wild bee on his glossy wing,
Bedeck'd with bloom, and breathing life around,
Within thy bosom, charms supreme abound.

The mercy-fountains of Divinity
Now stream through all, with vigour full and free;
As if unloosen'd from their living source,
To carry with them Spring's creative force!

The sky is garlanded with waves of blue,
Like ocean dawning on the distant view;
The sun lies mirror'd on the radiant streams,
The sea-waves gambol in his noon-tide beams,
The boughs hang glitt'ring in their locks of green,
The meadow-minstrels carol to the scene;—
While sea, and sky, and air, and beauteous Earth
With her rich promise budding into birth,
Seem, like a heart o'erfill'd with sacred love,
Glowing with gratitude to Him above!

Terrific giants that o'erlook the sea!
Enormous masses of sublimity!
Ye mountain-piles! Earth's monuments to Heaven—
Around whose brows the giddy storms are driven,

E'er since your daring heads have pierced the sky,
Almighty Majesty has linger'd by;
Whether in climes where 'bove the ice-chain'd deep
Ye rise in piles magnificently steep;
Or where in living bloom your bosoms swell,
And fierce and far the flashing torrents yell,—
Where snow-drifts whiten, or where sunbeams warm,
Your brows are girdled with a dreadful charm.

When drops the sun in yonder western deep,
The waves unruffled, and the winds asleep;
And isles of beauty float the brilliant sky,
While Fancy muses with enamour'd eye;
Then comes the hour to commune with the sight,
Where the wild mountain rears its massy height:

There, as we gaze, gigantic thoughts begin
To stir the immortal spark that burns within;
Till Wonder starts with a bewild'ring fear,
As if the shadow of a God were near!

And where, beneath the wasting wings of Time,
Towers and temples sink in age sublime;
Where by the grey-worn battlements are heard
The dismal dirges of the midnight bird;
While low winds mutter through the roofless halls,
And ivy-boughs bend weeping o'er the walls;
Imagination loves to stand and dream,
And mark the ruin in the moonlight gleam,
Till summon'd Ages startle from their sleep,
And musing Mem'ry turns aside to weep.

Or view, when Sunset drinks the forest breeze,
Where some grey abbey glimmers through the trees,
And on the turrets Evening's pallid rays
Gleam like the glory of departed days!
How soon the cloister'd stillness of the spot
Brings heaven around us, till the world's forgot;
While Retrospection draws the moral sigh,
And dreams embodied flit before her eye!

Great Architect of worlds! whose wond'rous power
Presided o'er Creation's natal hour,
Stamp'd man Thy miniature, and bade him run
A race of glory, till his goal be won;
When wan Disease exhales her with'ring breath,
And dims his beauty with the damp of death;

At some still hour the holy sigh will swell,
The gushing tear of gratitude will tell
That Thou art by, to temper and to tame
The trembling anguish of the fever'd frame.

But oh! when heal'd by love and heaven, we rise,
With radiant cheek, and re-illumin'd eyes,
Bright as a new-born sun, all nature beams,
And through the spirit darts immortal dreams!
Now for the breezy hills, and blooming plains,
And pensive ramble when the noon-tide wanes;
Now for the walk beside some haunted wood,
And dreamy music of the distant flood;
While far and wide, the wand'ring eye surveys,
And the heart leaps to pour away its praise!

Thus Adam felt, when, like a morning ray
Shot from the shrine of light, at dawning day,
He sprang in beauty on the new-made ground,
And hail'd the virgin sky that glow'd around,
And wafted up to heaven on ev'ry wind
The untaught worship of his wond'ring mind.

Now, turn from earth, to yonder glorious sky—
Th' imagin'd dwelling-place of Deity!
Ye quenchless stars! so eloquently bright,
Untroubled sentries of the shadowy night,
While half the world is lapp'd in downy dreams,
And round the lattice creep your midnight beams,
How sweet to gaze upon your placid eyes,
In lambent beauty looking from the skies!

And when, oblivious of the world, we stray
At dead of night along some noiseless way,
How the heart mingles with the moon-lit hour,
As if the starry heavens suffused a power!
See! not a cloud careers yon pensile sweep,
A waveless sea of azure, still as sleep;
Full in her dreamy light, the Moon presides,
Shrined in a halo, mellowing as she rides;
And far around, the forest and the stream
Bathe in the beauty of her emerald beam,
The lull'd winds, too, are sleeping in their caves,
No stormy murmurs roll upon the waves;
Nature is hush'd, as if her works adored,
Still'd by the presence of her living Lord!

And now, while through the ocean-mantling haze
A dizzy chain of yellow lustre plays;
And moonlight loveliness hath veil'd the land,
Go, stranger, muse thou by the wave-worn strand:
Cent'ries have glided o'er the balanc'd earth,
Myriads have bless'd, and myriads cursed their birth;
Still, yon sky-beacons keep a dimless glare,
Unsullied as the God who thron'd them there!
Though swelling earthquakes heave the astounded
world,
And king and kingdom from their pride are hurl'd,
Sublimely calm, they run their bright career,
Unheedful of the storms and changes here.
We want no hymn to hear, or pomp to see,
For all around is deep divinity!

The soul aspiring pants its source to mount,
As streams meander level with their fount;
While other years unroll their cloudy tide,
And with them all the bliss they once supplied!
Oh! if belov'd ones, from their viewless sphere,
May witness warm Affection's faithful tear,
At this deep hour, they hear the mourner's sigh,
And waft a blessing from their homes on high!

Stupendous God! how shrinks our bounded sense
To track the triumphs of Omnipotence;
From the dread mountain, to the deepest den,
From the mean insects, to immortal men;
Bless'd with Thy brightest smile, dare we confine
Paternal Providence, supreme as Thine?

Far as the fancy flies, or life-stream flows,
From Georgia's deserts to the Greenland snows,
Where space exists, Thine eyes of mercy see,—
Creation lives, and moves, and breathes in Thee!

Yes! pause and think, within one fleeting hour,
How vast a universe obeys Thy power;
Unseen, but felt, Thine interfused control
Works in each atom, and pervades the whole;
Expands the blossom, and erects the tree,[2]
Conducts each vapour, and commands each sea,
Beams in each ray, bids whirlwinds be unfurl'd,
Unrols the thunder, and upheaves a world!

Yet not alone created realms engage
Thy faultless wisdom, grand, primeval Sage!

For all the thronging woes to life allied
Thy mercy tempers, and Thy cares provide.

E'en now, while voiceless Midnight walks the land,
And spreads the wings of Darkness with her wand,
What scenes are witness'd by Thy watchful eye!
What millions waft to Thee the prayer and sigh!
Some gaily vanish to an unfear'd grave,
Fleet as the sun-flash o'er a summer wave;
Some wear out life in smiles, and some in tears,
Some dare with hope, while others droop with fears;
The vagrant's roaming in his tatter'd vest,
The babe is sleeping on its mother's breast;
The captive mutt'ring o'er his rust-worn chain,
The widow weeping for her lord again,

While many a mourner shuts his languid eye,
To dream of heaven, and view it ere he die:
And yet, no sigh can swell, no tear-drop fall,
But Thou wilt see, and guide, and solace all!

END OF PART I.

PART II.

ANALYSIS OF PART II.

THE second part of the Poem is devoted to a consideration of the Presence of the Deity, as influencing Human Life—In our journey through the world, we cannot but admit an overruling Power—The mental independence of him who relies on it—No lot too miserable to engage the paternal care of the Deity—Consolation derived from this certainty in scenes of woe—Pictures of a street-wanderer and an exiled captive—The hopes imparted to the soldier, by his confidence in the Presence of God—Battle-plain by moonlight described—God's viewless Spirit attendant—The sailor's farewell on the sea-shore—His mistress's prayer to Heaven—Storm and wreck described—The mariner's intense consciousness of Preserving Providence.

As misfortune is observed by God, so, in like manner, the crimes of the wicked cannot escape Him—Picture of a murderer—Darkness: its varied influence depicted—The misery of remorse without His attending mercy—Penitence —The young convict.

The Sabbath—Feelings excited by the tones of an organ swelling through a cathedral—The village christening described—Rapid survey of the common lot.

As God has been defined 'Love,' we may be assured that he eminently favours virtuous affection—The marriage-scene—Divine raptures arising from the retrospections of the virtuous—Picture of a grandsire, sitting by his winter fire, and retracing the scenes of his life—Friendship.

Death—Apostrophe—Picture of a dying old man, attended by his daughter—The blank misery that waits the return from the funeral—The Almighty present, to relieve.

PART II.

Along the barren world as doom'd we roam
By devious paths to one perennial home,
In tears or smiles, we own th' o'erruling hand
That beckons on to that celestial land,
Where, harbour'd all, life's billows sink away,
And the bright spirits bask in heaven's immortal ray.

And happy thou! through all the change of time,
Whom sorrow cannot burden with a crime;
Whose joyless heart and never-lighten'd care
Can proudly scorn the refuge of Despair;

Like ocean's wand'rer guided by his star;
Thy heaven-taught spirit looks to him afar.

Say, ye whose hearts unclouded can enjoy
The bliss of life, without the world's alloy;
What can illume their melancholy way,
Where want begins, and mis'ry crowns the day?
When bowed by woe, and bleach'd by with'ring age,
Alone the mourner roams the world's wide stage;
His fortune wreck'd, his friends beneath the sod,
Where shall he fly, but to the arms of God?
And blest yon viewless Spirit thron'd on high!
No heart's too wretched to engage his eye:
No lot too lowly to deserve his love,
And snatch a smile of mercy from above;

He gazes on the sleepless couch of woe,
And bids the dying light of hope to glow,
Unarms the peril, heals the wounded mind,
And wins each feeling home to fate resigned.

At wintry eve, when warring night-winds blow,
Pierce his cold cheek, and drift his locks of snow,
As oft the vagrant shivers through the street,
No voice to pity, and no hand to greet,
With many a pause he marks that window-pane,
Whose cheering blaze recalls his home again;
The friend and face, the music and the mirth,
And social magic of his evening hearth,
Awaked by mem'ry, warm his widow'd heart,
Till real woes in fancied bliss depart;

And one by one, as happier days appear,
To each he pays the homage of a tear;
Though homeless, still he loves home's joyous glare,
Looks up to heaven, and feels his home is there.

Within a dungeon, mildew'd by the night,
Barr'd from salubrious air and blessed light,
Lo! the pale captive pines in hostile lands,
Chain'd to his doom by adamantine bands.
Oh! how he pants to face the fresh-wing'd breeze,
And list the voices of the summer trees;
To breathe, and live, and move, and be as free
As Nature is, and man was made to be!
And when at night, upon his flinty bed,
Silent and sad, he lays his grief-worn head,

There as the dungeon-bell, with dismal sound,
Tolls midnight through the sleeping air around,
Remembrance wafts him to congenial climes,
And frames a fairy world of happier times.
The woodland haunts around his native scene,
The village dance upon the festive green,
His sloping garden where he lov'd to ply,
And smiled as peeping flower buds hail'd his eye,
His beauteous partner, and her blue-ey'd boy,
Who prattled, play'd, and fed his soul with joy,—
By thought created, crowd around his heart,
And force the pangs of fond regret to start;
Each dear delusion claims a parent sigh,
Each dream of happiness bedims his eye;
Till warm'd by Heaven, his home-wed bosom glows
With hopes that triumph o'er remember'd woes;

And far away the chainless spirit flies,
To vision'd realms of rest beyond the skies!

Spirit of Light and Life! when Battle rears
Her fiery brow amid terrific spears;
When red-mouth'd cannons to the clouds uproar,
And gasping hosts sleep shrouded in their gore,
E'en then, th' intrepid heart that nobly glows
To face the fury of invading foes,
May look to Thee for mercy and for power,
To brave the peril of the carnage hour;
Or, doom'd to die amid the dreadful din,
While Battle storms without, may find a peace within.

List! war-peals thunder on the battle-field;
And many a hand grasps firm the glitt'ring shield,

As on, with helm and plume, the warriors come,
And the glad hills repeat the stormy drum!
And now are seen the youthful and the grey,
With bosoms burning to partake the fray:
The first, with hearts that consecrate the deed,
All eager rush to vanquish or to bleed;
Like young waves racing in the morning sun,
That rear and leap with reckless fury on!
But, mark yon war-worn man, who looks on high,
With musing valour mirror'd in his eye;
Not all the bloody revels of the day
Can fright the vision of his home away;
The home of love, and its harmonious smiles,
His wife's endearment, and his baby's wiles.

Fights he less brave through recollected bliss,
With step retreating; or with sword remiss?
Ah no! remember'd home 's the warrior's charm,
Speed to his sword, and vigour to his arm;
For this he supplicates the God afar,
Fronts the steel'd foe, and mingles in the war.

The cannon 's hush'd: nor drum, nor clarion sound;
Helmet and hauberk gleam upon the ground;
Horseman and horse lie welt'ring in their gore;
Patriots are dead, and heroes dare no more;
And solemnly the moonlight shrouds the plain,
And lights the lurid features of the slain!

And see! where swift the banner'd coursers past,
A battle-steed beneath his rider cast;

Oh! never more he'll rear with fierce delight;
Roll his red eyes, and rally for the fight;
Pale on his bleeding breast the warrior lies,
While from his ruffled lids, the white-swell'd eyes
Ghastly and grimly stare upon the skies!

But who, upon the battle-wasted plain,
Shall count the faint, the gasping, and the slain?
Angel of Mercy! ere the blood-fount chill,
And the brave heart be spiritless and still,
Amid the havoc Thou art hov'ring nigh,
To calm each groan, and close each dying eye,
And waft the spirit to that halcyon shore,
Where war's loud thunders lash the winds no more.

And on Thy Deep, the girdle of the world,
When the fierce hurricanoes have unfurl'd
Their rapid wings, to battle and to rave,
Sweep down the rock, and scourge the yelling wave;
When skies in tempest-agonies outgroan,
And the mad elements seem left alone,
Lord of the Storm! oh, Thou art present there,
In the loud thunder, and the lightning glare;
And from the roaring of the midnight sea
The mariner's last shriek ascends to Thee!

Lo! to the yellow beach a maiden hies,
Love at her heart, and sorrow in her eyes;
Warm down her cheek impassion'd drops of woe,
Through fearful omens, for her lover flow:

Oh! will he, far by faithless ocean borne,
Dream of his lonely maid who lives to mourn?
Will he, whene'er by palmy streams he roams,
Muse on their twilight walks, and woodbine homes,
And that first spring, when in the cowslip dale
She blush'd an answer to his wooing tale?

The beach is won; before her swells the sea,
In all its dark and dread immensity!
Wide o'er the wave a wistful glance she throws,
Till the fond lover smiles away her woes;
Voiceless awhile he clasps his dark-eyed maid,
Then looks the promise love has often said:
But, ere his vessel in the horizon's blue,
Mist-mingling, dwindle from her aching view,

Sweet mourner! heaven-ward Hope uplifts her mind
To Him who wings the storm, and walks the
wind!

Thrice has the sun upon his green-wav'd bed,
'Mid rosy clouds his vesper radiance shed;
And thrice the moon from out the ocean rose,
Like pale-eyed beauty waking from repose;
While glad beneath, the lustre-weaving wave
Murmur'd o'er many a seaman's weedy grave.

The morn is up; and in her mellow ray
Millions of youthful billows pant and play;
Greeting the stately vessels as they glide
In white-wing'd triumph o'er the breezy tide.

But, lo! around the marsh'lling clouds unite,
Like thick battalions halting for the fight;
The sun sinks back, the tempest spirits sweep
Fierce through the air, and flutter on the deep,
Till from their caverns rush the maniac blasts,
Tear the loose sails, and split the creaking masts,
And the lash'd billows, rolling in a train,
Rear their white heads, and race along the main!

And, see! hurl'd backward from a hidden rock,
A shatter'd vessel reeling with the shock,
Like one appall'd by an unearthly sight,
Who stands, and shivers with convulsive fright:
There, in a den of waves, she rocks awhile,
Till on her deck the howling surges pile;

Then struggling sinks, beneath the water's leap,
Like a huge monster wrestling with the deep!

Alone, and bark'd upon the bounding waves,
Behold a mariner the tempest braves!
Home, life, and love, and near-imagin'd death,
Nerve the stout limb, and lengthen out his breath:
A rock is reach'd; dash'd on a wave-worn peak
Lies the wreck'd sailor, shiv'ring, wan, and weak;
With livid face, and look of ghastly dread,
And locks, like sea-weeds, streaming from his head;
Unmov'd his lips, but with his upturn'd eyes,
He shadows forth a saviour in the skies;
Visions a viewless temple in the air,
Feels God around, and silence is his prayer!

Can Guilt, though hidden from the gaze of earth,
Fly from His view, who gave all being birth?
From its first shadow on the sullied heart,
To the dark hour that consummates its part,
His sleepless eye detects each buried plan,
And bares the bosom secret of the man.
Yes! oft He locks the weapon in the hand,
And makes the murd'rer for his capture stand;
Or, when the flood of years has roll'd away
The darksome horrors of the blood-curs'd day,
His vengeance frowns upon the felon's sleep,
Forcing his haggard eye to wake and weep.

Upon the midnight heath, where fierce winds growl,
Like famish'd wolves careering as they howl,

While cloudy billows darkly swell and rise
As if an ocean brooded in the skies,
Aghast and quaking, see the murd'rer stand,
Shrink from himself, and clench his crimson hand;
Unearthly terror gripes his shudd'ring frame,
While Conscience writhes upon the rack of Shame:
Beneath him, gasps the victim of his deed,
In that faint struggle ere the spirit 's freed;
One piteous gaze—his languid eyelids close,
And life and torture sink to dead repose.

Why stands the murd'rer, fetter'd to the spot,
Life, fame, and judgment in his guilt forgot?
With ashy lips in cold convulsion spread,
And fear drops oozing from his tortur'd head;

Chain'd by his crime, he cannot—dare not fly,
A spirit seems to grasp him from the sky!
And though no human eye the murder sees,
A curse from heaven comes mutter'd in each breeze.

Though Crime entomb herself within the heart,
And veil her anguish with dissembling art;
Though 'mid the glare of day, and dazzling strife
That flutters on the shadowy stream of life,
She move as merry as the morning air,
Unmarr'd by grief, unsorrow'd by a care,—
Darkness shall bare the burden of her sin,
And fan the hell of thought that flames within!

At deep dead night, when not an earthly sound
Jars on the brooding air that sleeps around;

When all the drossy feelings of the day,
Touch'd by the wand of Truth, dissolve away,
Unhallow'd Guilt shall in her bosom feel
A rack too fierce for language to reveal;
A sense unutt'rable within the soul
Of Him pervading—living through the whole;
On ev'ry limb shall creeping terror come,
Lock her white lips, and strike her anguish dumb;
Vengeance shall utter a tremendous yell,
And Fancy flutter round the gulf of Hell!

Not so comes Darkness to the good man's breast,
When Night brings on the holy hour of rest;
Tir'd of the day, a pillow laps his head,
While heavenly vigils watch around the bed;

His spirit bosom'd on the God of All,
Peace to the hour! whate'er the night befal:
Then pleasing Memory unrolls her chart,
To raise, refine, and regulate the heart;
Exulting boyhood, and its host of smiles,
Next busy manhood battling with its toils,
Delights and dreams that made the heart run o'er,
The love forgotten, and the friends no more—
The panorama of past life appears,
Warms his pure mind, and melts it into tears!
Till, like a shutting flower, the senses close,
And on him lies the beauty of repose.

Yes, in the dark, Imagination seems
Girt with a shadowy brood of awful dreams,

That round her in appalling visions fly,
Dread as the phantoms on a thunder sky;
And Guilt starts back, by gloomy horror driven,—
But Virtue braves them with a smile from Heaven!

'Tis night: and mutt'ring comes the winter wind,
While cloud-battalions slowly march behind;
Alone the way-worn pilgrim winds his track,
His wallet resting on his weary back;
Though dark the path, and dreary grows the night,
And not a heaven-lamp beams its holy light,
Firm o'er the starless wild he moves his way,
For He pervades the night, who form'd the day!
Thus on he plods beneath the brooding sky,
Till, lo! a lattice twinkles on his eye,

And merrily from out his woodland dome,
His babes bound forth, and hail the wand'rer
home!

When Conscience darts her stings into the mind,
And heart-broke Folly turns to look behind,
Then righteous Heaven! without Thy hopeful
ray,
What dark despair would lower on our way!
Where should we light the burden of our woes?
How should we lull our anguish to repose?
Oh! when the rebel heart has ceas'd to roam,
And yearns repentant for its hallow'd home,
Thy love will hail the weeping wand'rer there,
And hush to peace the tempest of despair.

And not more beautiful beneath the ray
Of risen morn, night-shades dissolve away,
And the unmantled world, embathed in light,
Awakes in chasten'd glory, clear and bright,
Than do the sinful mists that shroud the soul
Melt off beneath remorse's stern control,
Till the full impress of the God appears,
Made pure and brilliant by repentant tears!

Now day by day celestial feelings rise
Fresh from the heart, and reach th' immortal skies!
Now comes the hour, when rambling all unseen,
Save by the stars, upon the dusky green;
When winds are voiceless, and the breezes still,
Save truant ones, that roam the wooded hill;

Eternal glories dawn upon the heart,
Till drops of rapture from the soul-fount start;
And Sorrow, bursting from Cimmerian gloom,
Darts up to Heaven, and triumphs o'er the tomb.

But when the erring heart at Passion's shrine
Hath basely sacrific'd each trait divine;
When guilt hath stain'd it with her deepest dye,
And blood for blood is Nature's dreadful cry,
Angel of Mercy! thy supernal power
Alone can tame the terrors of the hour;
Thine is the charm that bids the heart unbind,
Mount on the wings of Faith, and leave Despair behind;
Thine is the voice that soothes the dying breath,
And breathes a halo round the brow of death.

And hark! the midnight bars have ceas'd to sound,
The dungeon guard has paced his clanking round,
And all is dark, and dismal as the deep,
When weary storms sink mutt'ring into sleep:
When daybreak gleams, a scaffold-floor will be
The felon's step-place to eternity!
And one there is in yonder glimm'ring cell,
Whose young heart wept, and wonder'd while it fell;
A wreck of crime, upon his flinty bed,
With eye wild-rolling and bewilder'd head:
'Tis not the chain that clinks upon his straw,
'Tis not the blow of violated law,
But racking thoughts that rive his shudd'ring heart
And make the fibres of his bosom start!

Yes! they have borne him to his native streams,
Where young-ey'd Fancy wove her fairy dreams;
To each green glade where Boyhood lov'd to roam
Till Twilight came, and call'd the truant home:
And where is she who rock'd him to repose,
And sang, and smiled, to lull his infant woes?
And he who greeted with paternal joy
The dawning virtues of his darling boy?—
The rank grass waves upon their lonely grave!
No hand was by to solace or to save;
Affection wept not o'er their childless gloom,
Nor passed them onward to a peaceful tomb:
That working eye, and palpitating cheek,
Those wringing hands, and that delirious shriek,
But ill betray the burning load of pain
Remembrance piles upon his phrensied brain!

Till Faith descend upon her wings of Love,
Raise the droop'd soul, and point to realms above;
Then, firm his glance, hush'd every groan and cry,
And Hypocrites might shake to view a felon die.

'Tis sad to see the eye forget its ray,
And sorrow sit, where smiles were wont to play;
'Tis sad when youth is fair, and fresh, and warm,
And life is fraught with every sweeter charm,
To see it close the lip, and droop the head,
Wane from the earth, and mingle with the dead;
But, oh! nor death nor woe can ever seem
So darkly dismal as that wild'ring dream—
That life in death—a desolated mind,
Around whose wreck the weeds of madness wind!

Down yon romantic dale, where hamlets few
Arrest the summer pilgrim's pensive view,—
The village wonder, and the widow's joy,—
Dwells the poor, mindless, pale-faced maniac boy:
He lives and breathes, and rolls his vacant eye,
To greet the glowing fancies of the sky;
But on his cheek unmeaning shades of woe
Reveal the wither'd thoughts that sleep below!—
A soulless thing, a spirit of the woods,
He loves to commune with the fields and floods:
Sometimes along the woodland's winding glade,
He starts, and smiles upon his pallid shade;
Or scolds with idiot threat the roaming wind,
But rebel music to the ruin'd mind!—
Or on the shell-strewn beach, delighted strays
Playing his fingers in the noon-tide rays;

And when the sea-waves swell their hollow roar,
He counts the billows plunging to the shore;
And oft beneath the glimmer of the moon,
He chants some wild and melancholy tune;
Till o'er his soft'ning features seems to play
A shadowy gleam of mind's reluctant sway.

Thus, like a living dream, apart from men,
From morn to eve he haunts the wood and glen;
But round him,—near him—wheresoe'er he rove,
A guardian angel tracks him from above!
Nor harm from flood or fen shall e'er destroy
The mazy wand'rings of the maniac boy.

Thou unimagin'd God! though every hour,
And ev'ry day, speak Thy tremendous power,

Upon the seventh creation's work was crown'd,
When the glad universe career'd around!
Then ever hallow'd be Thy chosen day,
Till Nature die, and Time shall roll away.

Sweet Sabbath morn! from childhood's dimpled prime,
I've loved to hail thy calm-renewing time;
Soft steal thy bells upon the pensive mind,[8]
In mingling murmurs floating on the wind,
Telling of friends and times long wing'd away,
And blissful hopes, harmonious with the day.

On thy still dawn, while holy music peals,
And far around the ling'ring echo steals,
What heart communes not with the day's repose,
And, lapp'd in angel dreams, forgets its woes.

Who, in His temple, gives to God a prayer,
Nor feels the majesty of heaven is there?
The sacred stillness of the vaulted pile,
Where gather'd hearts their homage breathe awhile;
The mingled burst of penitential sighs,
The choral anthem pealing to the skies,
Exalt the soul to energies sublime,
Chain the wild thought, and solemnize the time.

Emblem of Peace! upon the village plain
Thou dawn'st a blessing to the toil-worn swain;
Soon as thy smiles upon the upland play,
His bosom gladdens with the bright'ning day;
Humble and happy, to his lot resign'd,
He owns the inward sabbath of the mind.

And when, with bending knee and sainted tone,
His vows are breathed unto Jehovah's throne,
Serene the thoughts that o'er his bosom steal,
When homeward winding for the Sabbath meal:
There shall kind Plenty wear her sweetest smiles;
There shall his rosy children play their wiles;
And there the meek-ey'd mother muse and joy,
And court with frequent kiss her infant boy:
At noon, a ramble round the burial ground,
A moral tear on some lamented mound,
Or breezy walk along the green expanse,
Where summer beauty charms the ling'ring glance,—
These are the wonted blessings of the day,
That all his weekly toils and woes repay:
And when aërial Night hath veil'd the view,
And star-gleams twinkle on the meadow dew,

Some elder boy beside his father's knee
Shall stand and read the Holy History;
Or peaceful prayer, or chanted hymn shall close
The hour that woos him to a sweet repose.

And Melody!—an echo breathed from heaven!
By her, divine, august delight is given;
Whether she melt a passion from the mind,
Or with Æolian languish lull the wind;
Whether she madden in the mingled roar
Of wrathful billows bounding to the shore;
Or on the downy pinions of a breeze
Cradle with wooing lullabies the trees;
Alike divine!—But deeper through the soul
Glides Melody's omnipotent control,

When, from the fluted organ, full and deep,
Billows of music through the dim aisles sweep:
Ear, eye, and heart confess the awful spell,
While soul and being with the magic swell,
And as the spiral echoes upward wind,
Die off—and scarcely leave the man behind!

And now, while faintly-ebbing murmurs roll
Entrancing music o'er the prostrate soul,
Sublimely sad! to linger in some aisle;
Where, through the blazon'd panes, the vesper smile
With pallid radiance quivers in the gloom,
Or crowns, like seraph light, the inspiring tomb;
And feel at such an hour the heart unfold,
Struck by the presence of the sage and bold!

The tomb-like echoes of the vaulted ground,
The monumental awe suffused around,
The fretted arch with its gigantic sweep,
The world's great spirits throned in marble sleep,
Subdue each earthly passion into fear,
While Fancy's shapeless beings hover near!

But not alone the stately-vaulted pile,
The echoing cloister, or the pillar'd aisle,
Hallow the mind: the humblest fanes impart
A holy magic to the feeling heart.

And see! down where yon arches shed their gloom,
And mottos speak from many a time-worn tomb,
There, where the font uprears its marble brow,
The village sponsors breathe their solemn vow

While pensively a mother, young and mild,
Offers to heaven the homage of her child;
And oft she gazes on the sleeping boy,
Lock'd to her breast with all a mother's joy;
Fearful and fond, and twining for repose,
Like a young bud around the parent rose.

But who shall paint her meditative eye,
Her look of love, and heaven-appealing sigh,
When on the cherub brow, with hope divine,
The holy preacher prints the liquid sign?
Joy, doubt, and fear in mingling torrent rise,
Gush through her heart, and glitter in her eyes.

Whene'er I gaze upon a sinless child,
Tossing its merry head of ringlets wild,—

Lip, cheek, and eye, all in that lovely glow
Young spirits feel, as yet unchill'd by woe,
A voiceless wonder animates each sense,
To think how Mercy watches innocence.

Survey the scene of life: in yonder room,
Pillow'd in beauty 'mid the cradle gloom,
While o'er its features plays an angel smile,
A breathing cherub slumbers for awhile:
Those budding lips, that faintly-fringed eye,
That placid cheek, and uncomplaining sigh,
The little limbs in soft embrace entwined,
Like flower-leaves folded from the gelid wind;
All in their tender charms, her babe endear,
And feed the luxury of a mother's fear.

Next, mark her infant rais'd to childhood's stage,
Bound in the bloom of that delightful age,—
With heart as light as sunshine on the deep,—
And eye that woe has scarcely taught to weep!
The tip-toe gaze, the pertinacious ken,
Each rival attribute of mimick'd men,
The prompt decision, and presuming way,
Now picture forth his yet auspicious day.

Whether at noon he guides his tiny boat
By winding streams, and woody banks remote,
Or climbs the meadow tree, or trails the kite,
Till clouds aërial veil his ravish'd sight;
Or roams the shady wood at dying day,
To list with charmed ear the cuckoo's lay;

A hand above o'errules the daring boy,
And draws the daily circle of his joy.

And thus, when manhood brings its weight of care,
To swell the soul, and curb the giddy air,
The father, friend, the patriot, and the man,
Share in the love of Heaven's parental plan;
Till age o'ersteal his mellow'd form at last,
And wintry locks tell summer youth is past;
Then like the sun, slow-wheeling to the wave,
He sinks in glory to a welcome grave.

Lord of the Universe! supreme! sublime!
Who fathomest the ocean-depths of time,
Though oft thy red-wing'd lightnings sear the sky,
And mutt'ring thunders mark thy track on high,

One omnipresent, ever-sleepless Love
Pervades, directs, and tempers from above:
When from Thy hands primeval Earth outsprang,
And starry music o'er the launch'd world rang,
Thine emblem, GOD, was LOVE!—nor eye can see
Where love is not the master trait of Thee.

And since that time, when to her Eden bower
The god-like Adam led his beauty dower,
And there, while music harmoniz'd the grove,
Attuned each rapture to requited love,
Have souls commingled in affection's flame,
In weal unsever'd, and in woe the same.

Young, chaste, and lovely—pleas'd, yet half afraid,
Before yon altar droops a plighted maid,

Clad in her bridal robes of taintless white,
Dumb with the scene, and trepid with delight;
Around her hymeneal guardians stand,
Each with a tender look, and feeling bland;
And oft she turns her beauty-beaming eye,
Dimm'd with a tear for happiness gone by!
Then coyly views, in youth's commanding pride,
Her own adored one panting by her side;
Like lilies bending from the noon-tide blaze,
Her bashful eye-lids droop beneath his gaze;
While love and homage blend their blissful power,
And shed a halo round his marriage hour!

What though his chance-abounding life ordain
A path of anguish and precarious pain;

By want or woe, where'er compell'd he rove,
A cot's a palace by the light of love!
There beats one heart which, until death, will be
A gushing, glowing fount of sympathy;
One frownless eye to kindle with his own,
One changeless friend, when other friends are flown;
O! sanction Thou the love-united pair,
Fountain of love! for Thou art present there.

There are some heart-entwining hours in life,
With sweet seraphic inspiration rife;
When mellowing thoughts, like music on the ear,
Melt through the soul, and revel in a tear!
And such are they, when, tranquil and alone,
We sit and ponder on long periods flown;

And, charm'd by Fancy's retrospective gaze,
Live in an atmosphere of other days;
Till friends and faces flashing on the mind,
Conceal the havoc Time has left behind!

Yon aged man,—with what a musing eye
He dreams and lingers o'er the days fled by,
When pensive sitting by his evening fire,
To Mem'ry's peaceful glade his thoughts retire;
While cherub grandsons pat his willing knee,
Shake their bright curls, and prattle off their glee!
Now gently fleet back joy-wing'd days of old,
When Hope led forward, and the eye look'd bold;
With holy calm he thinks of place and time,
Belov'd when left, unblotted with a crime;

Gone friendship's smiles are re-illumined now,
And gleams of fancy brighten on his brow!
What hand puissant gave to life each form,
Scatter'd the cloud, and piloted the storm?
Guided him onward through his thorny road,
Bestow'd each joy, and brighten'd each abode?
Ah! see the pious tear of memory roll
A welling rapture from his grateful soul,
That trembles, like the waking wings of Joy,
To feel Who rais'd the man, and rear'd the boy!

Chain'd to the car of Time, as on we roll
Through storm and tempest to th' eternal goal,
How favour'd he! whose sapient soul refined,
Meets by the way some all-partaking mind;

Some feeling friend by Nature mark'd our own,
And moulded true to every tender tone.
Let fortune frown, congenial scenes depart,
And farewell! rive the fetters of the heart!
'Tis sweet when roaming by the wave-girt strand,
To weave fond visions of our own far land;
Or dream, while faintly chimes the convent bell,
On distant friends, and each domestic spell,
And feel one Spirit marks our lone career,
And dwells in every heart, to Friendship dear.

And if brief absence in our stormy life
Force in fond bosoms sympathetic strife,
How crack the heart-strings when Death's giant hand
Tears a lov'd victim to his shadowy land!

O Death! thou dreadless vanquisher of earth,
The Elements shrunk blasted at thy birth!
Careering round the world like tempest wind,
Martyrs before, and victims strew'd behind,
Ages on ages cannot grapple thee,
Dragging the World into Eternity!

And say, when panting on our couch we lie,
And scan the future with uncheated eye,
How coils Imagination from the tomb,
Shrinks into awe, and shudders at its doom;
What shapes of horror glide around our bed,
Damp from the ghastly regions of the dead;
While Fancy hovers o'er that fearful brink,
Where Faith turns wild, and Thought too weak to think;

Trembling and starting, like a shade in sleep,
Or a lone vessel on the wind-lash'd deep;
Till Revelation's heaven-directed beam
Melts every doubt in a celestial dream;
Oh! then no more convulsing terrors roll;
Then, then, the hallelujah of the Soul!
Wrapt in the blaze of heaven, it wings away
To the bright bowers of everlasting day.

Lo! on his curtain'd couch, with pillow'd head,
And pallid limbs in dewy languor spread,
The dying parent, like a wailing breeze,
Moans in the feverish grasp of wan Disease;
While, sad and watching, with a sleepless eye,
His lovely daughter sits, and muses by:

So Gabriel sat within the Saviour's tomb,
When his pure Spirit walk'd the unearthly gloom!

There, as the melancholy midnight bell
Knolls o'er the drowsy world the day's farewell,
Frequent she glances at his wrinkled brow,
And those dear eyes, so dim and deathful now
Till all his love and all his care returns,
And memory through her brain and bosom burns.
That drooping hand, so delicately weak,
How often had it smooth'd her infant cheek;
Or danc'd her, lightly-tripping by his side,
And prattling sweetly with delighted pride;
Or pluck'd the painted flower that charm'd her age,
Or gently oped Instruction's pictured page,

Or pointed to the trepid beauty-star
That twinkled in the vesper sky afar.

And see! no more the arrowy throes of pain
Pierce his bound head, or force the plaintive strain;
Slumber hath heal'd them with assuasive balm,
And chain'd the senses in oblivion's calm:
Pleas'd at his quiet mien, with timid breath
She stirs to see—alas! the sleep of Death;
Pulseless and pale, beneath the taper's glow,
Lies her loved parent,—but a lifeless show!

She shook not, shriek'd not, rais'd no maniac cry,
Nor wrung her hand, nor heav'd one heart-deep sigh;
But stood aghast, too dreadful for relief,
Mute, stiff, and white,—a monument of Grief!

To hear the dying their faint murmurs speak,
And watch the death-glaze smooth the waxen cheek;
To see the fiery eye-ball fiercely roll,
As if it wrestl'd with the parting soul;
Or hear the last clod crumble on the bed,
And sound the hollow mansion of the dead;
This, this is woe! But deeper far that gloom
That haunts us when we pace the desert room,
And shadow forth an image of our love,
Rapt to Elysian realms of light above:
'Tis now, while low and long the heavy knell
Rolls on the breeze a parted soul's farewell,
Despair and Anguish darken round our view,
And all but Sorrow seems to be untrue.
How sadly vacant turns the frequent gaze,
To where the mourn'd one smiled in other days!

The eye that glitter'd with the gen'rous thought,
The glowing mind with worth and wisdom fraught;
The twilight walk by some romantic stream,
Where Friendship warm'd, while Fancy wove her dream;
The smile, and wit,—all, all the faithful heart
Delights to trace on Memory's mazy chart,
Return upon us: OMNIPRESENT POWER!
'Tis Thine to lull this agonizing hour;
To charm the burden from the soul, and give
The tears that solace, and the hopes that live.

END OF PART II.

PART III.

ANALYSIS OF PART III.

If there be no God, the former parts of this Poem are raised on fanciful feelings and superstitious fiction:—Can we observe the wonders of Creation, and deem Chance their origin?—The consequences that accrue from this distempered doctrine:—By a natural, but melancholy digression, we are here led to glance at Atheism, as partially influencing the horrors of the French Revolution—Marie Antoinette—Her appearance on the balcony during the tumults at Versailles.

Return to a consideration of Atheism—It is a sorry boast to triumph over a belief of man's immortality—If the soul be not immortal, how are we to account for those aspirations which are never satisfied with the highest attainment of earthly enjoyment?—The dismal doctrine of believing all ties of love eternally severed by Death:—when we reflect on the master-spirits of gone time, can we imagine them eternally quenched?—Consolations derived from a belief in a future state—The different feelings with which the Atheist and the Christian face death—Pictures of the death-bed of a Sceptic and a Christian—The Poem concludes with a description of the Final Doom.

PART III.

Now, while the starry choirs aërial rise,
And liquid moonlight mellows all the skies,
Oh! let sublime Imagination soar
High as the lightnings rage, or thunders roar;
Ride on the deep, or travel with the sun,
Far as Creation smiles, or Time has run:
So shall her eagle eye divinely see
A living universe of Deity!
In every wave and wind, and fruit and flower,
The beauty, grace, and terror of His power.

Who hung yon planet in its airy shrine,
And dash'd the sunbeam from its burning mine?
Who bade the ocean-mountains swell and leap,
And thunder rattle from the skiey deep?
Through hill and vale who twined the healthful stream,
Made rain to nurture, and the fruit to teem?
Who charm'd the clod into a breathing shrine,
And fill'd it with a living flame divine?
One Great Enchanter helm'd the harmonious whole,
Creator!—God!—the grand primeval Soul!

And dare men dream that dismal Chance has framed
All that the eye perceives, or tongue has named;
The spacious world, and all its wonders, born
Designless, self-created, and forlorn;

Like to the flashing bubbles on a stream,
Fire from the cloud, or phantom in a dream?
That no grand Builder plied His plastic force,
Gave to each object, form,—to motion, course?
Then, blood-stain'd Murder, bare thy hideous arm,
And thou, Rebellion, welter in thy storm:
Awake, ye spirits of avenging crime;
Burst from your bonds, and battle with the time!
Why should the orphans of the world who roam
O'er earth's bleak waste, without a friend—a home,
With resignation mark their fellow clay
Bask in the sunshine of a better day?
Why should the vagrant shiver at the door,
Nor 'spoil the miser of his treasured ore?
Save Faith's sweet music harmonized the mind,
Whisper'd of Heaven, and bade it be resign'd.

And here, let Memory turn her tearful glance
On the dark horrors of tumultuous France;
When blood and blasphemy defiled her land,
And fierce Rebellion shook her savage hand,
While women flung their female hearts away,
Rear'd the red pike, and butcher'd for their pay.[4]

No more the tocsin for the carnage tolls,
No death-piled tumbril from the slaughter rolls;
The blood has dried upon the wither'd plain,
And brave La Vendée blooms in peace again;
Still may we raise an image of the times,
And draw a moral from a nation's crimes.

Unhappy land! did godless wisdom pour
Delightful Liberty from shore to shore?

Ah no! perverted Freedom curs'd the day
With nameless deeds of horror and dismay;
Till heaven avenging seized its ravish'd power,
And crush'd an empire to decide her hour.

Let streets of blood, let dungeons choked with dead,
The tortur'd brave, the royal hearts that bled;
Let plunder'd cities, and polluted fanes,
The butcher'd thousands piled upon the plains—
Let the foul orgies of infuriate crime
Picture the raging havoc of that time,
When leagued Rebellion march'd to kindle man,
Fright in her rear, and Murder at her van!

And thou, sweet flower of Austria, slaughter'd Queen,
Who dropp'd no tear upon the dreadful scene,

When gush'd the life-stream from thine angel form,
And martyr'd beauty perish'd in the storm;
Once worshipp'd paragon of all who saw,
Thy look obedience, and thy smile a law:
When midnight tumults agonis'd thy head,
And rebel daggers pierced thy regal bed;
While loud below, the assassin rais'd his yell,
And howl'd for victims while his hatchet fell;
Brave to the last, methinks I see thee stand,
Thine infants clinging to thy faithful hand,
And face majestical the murd'rous throng
That ramp'd, and foam'd, and scream'd their loathsome song!—
E'en then, thy queenly prowess hush'd their roar,
Till Mercy smiled, and Treason dared no more.

Unhallowed men! whose thankless eyes can glance
On all around, and deem it born of Chance;
Self-martyr'd victims to unfathomed gloom,
Your life a vision, and your heart a tomb;
The source and end of being in the ground,
Where all is silent and your goal is found.
How charmless time must stream away with you!
To struggle, wish, and weep, and then—Adieu!
Ye cannot stifle Sorrow at her birth,
By hopes prevailing o'er the woes of earth;
Nor fire the lukewarm passions of the soul
By immortality's sublime control;
Share with the majesty of earth and sky,
Mount on a thought, and talk with DEITY!

Boast not of wisdom; if her precepts say
Th' immortal essence mingles with the clay;
In polar isles, where Wisdom's mellow beam
Ne'er chasten'd beauty's glance, or rapture's dream;
E'en there a Deity pervades the mind,
Speaks in the storm, and travels on the wind.

And shall the soul, the fount of reason, die,
When dust and darkness round its temple lie?
Did God breathe in it no ethereal fire,
Dimless and quenchless, though the breath expire?
Then why were godlike aspirations given,
That, scorning earth, so often frame a heaven?
Why does the ever-craving wish arise,
For better, nobler, than the world supplies?

Ah, no! it cannot be that men were sent
To live and languish on in discontent;
That Soul was moulded to betrayful trust,
To feel like God, and perish like the dust.

If Death for ever doom us to the clod,
And earth-born Pleasure be our only god,
The rapid years shall bury all we love,
Nor leave one hope to re-unite above;
No more the voice of Friendship shall beguile,
No more the mother on her infant smile;
But vanishing, like rain upon the deep,
Nature shall perish in eternal sleep!

Illustrious beacons, spirits of the just,
Are ye embosom'd in perennial dust?

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Shall ye, whose names, undimm'd by ages, shine
Bright as the flame that mark'd ye for divine,
For ever slumber—never meet again,
Too pure for sorrow, too sublime for pain?
Ah, no! celestial Fancy loves to fly
With eager pinion, and prophetic eye,
To radiant dwellings of immortal bliss
Far from a world so woe-begone as this;
There, as the choral melodies career,
Sublimely rolling through the seraph sphere,
In angel-forms you all again unite,
And bathe in streams of everlasting light.

When friends have vanish'd to their viewless home,
And we are left companionless to roam,

O, what can cheer our melancholy way,
But hopes of union in the Land of Day?
Soul-loved! companions of our greener years,
Warm'd at our joys, and weeping at our tears,
How oft renewing Memory paints each hour,
When Friendship triumph'd, and the heart had power!
Yes, hallow'd are those visions of the brain,
When Heaven unveils, and loved ones smile again.

And thou, for ever fond, for ever true,
Beneath whose smile the boy to manhood grew;
To sorrow gentle, and to error mild,
Shall Death for ever tear thee from thy child?
Ah, no! when thy bewilder'd days are o'er,
And toils and troubles shall prevail no more,

Thy renovated soul shall breathe above,
In amaranthine bowers of bliss and love;
There shall we muse amid the starry glow,
Or hear the fiery streams of Glory flow;
Or, on the living cars of lightning driven,
Triumphant wheel around the plains of heaven.

And say! how will the sceptic brave the hour
Of Death's divine, inexorable power,
When all this fairy world shall glide away,
Like midnight dreams before the morning day?
See! how he shudders at the thought of death;
What doubt and horror hang upon his breath;
The gibb'ring teeth, glaz'd eye, and marble limb,—
Shades from the tomb stalk out, and stare on him!

Lo! there, in yonder fancy-haunted room,
What mutter'd curses trembled through the gloom,
When pale, and shiv'ring, and bedew'd with fear,
The dying sceptic felt his hour drew near!
From his parch'd tongue no sainted murmurs fell;
No bright hopes kindled at his faint farewell;
As the last throes of death convuls'd his cheek,
He gnash'd, and scowl'd, and raised a hideous shriek;
Rounded his eyes into a ghastly glare,
Lock'd his white lips—and all was mute despair!

Go, child of darkness, see a Christian die;
No horror pales his lip, or rolls his eye;
No dreadful doubts, or dreamy terrors, start
The hope Religion pillows on his heart,

When with a dying hand he waves adieu
To all who love so well, and weep so true:
Meek, as an infant to the mother's breast
Turns fondly longing for its wonted rest,
He pants for where congenial spirits stray,
Turns to his God, and sighs his soul away!

But what is death, or danger, storm, or sea,
What are the loudest thunders launch'd by Thee,
Eternal Spirit! to a blazing world,—
A universe from its foundations hurl'd?
Then, then will come thine OMNIPRESENT hour,
And ruin'd worlds dissolve beneath its power.

Ages has awful Time been trav'lling on,
And all his children to one tomb have gone;

The varied wonders of the peopled earth,
In equal turn, have gloried in their birth:
We live, and toil, we triumph, and decay,—
Thus age on age rolls unperceiv'd away;
And thus 'twill be, till Heaven's last thunders roar,
And Time and Nature shall exist no more.

O! say, what Fancy, though endow'd sublime,
Can picture truly that tremendous time,
When the last sun shall blaze upon the sea,
And Earth be dash'd into Eternity!
A cloudy mantle will enwrap that sun,
Whose face so many worlds have gaz'd upon;
The placid moon, beneath whose pensive beam
We all have loved to wander and to dream,

Dyed into blood, shall glare from pole to pole,
And light the airy tempests as they roll;
And those sweet stars, that, like familiar eyes,
Are wont to smile a welcome from the skies,
Thick as the hail-drops, from their depths will bound,
And far terrific meteors flash around;
But while the skies are shatter'd by the war
Of planet, moon, rent cloud, and down-shot star,
Stupendous wreck below—a burning world!
As if the flames of hell were on the winds unfurl'd!

Around the horizon wheels one furnace blaze,
Streaking the black heavens with gigantic rays;
Now bursting into wizard phantoms bright,
And now immingled in a sea of light;

Till racing hurricanes unroll on high,
And whirl the fire-clouds quiv'ring through the sky;
Like sea-foam flung upon a mountain-side,
When maniac winds upon the surges ride.

And, lo! the Sea: along her ruin'd shore
The white waves gallop with delirious roar,
Till Ocean, in her agonizing throe,
Bounds, swells, and sinks, like leaping hills of snow!
While downward vollied crags and torrents sweep,
And wildly mingle with the blaze-lit deep.

And now, while shadowy worlds career around,
While mountains tremble, and while earthquakes sound,

While waves and winds rush roaring to the fray,
Who shall abide the horrors of the day?
How shall we turn our terror-stricken eye,
To gaze upon the fire-throned DEITY?

Hark! from the deep of heaven, a trumpet sound
Thunders the dizzy universe around;
From north to south, from east to west, it rolls,
A blast that summons all created souls;
And swift as ripples rise upon the deep,
The dead awaken from their dismal sleep:
The Sea has heard it;—coiling up with dread,
Myriads of mortals flash from out her bed!
The graves fly open, and with awful strife,
The dust of ages startles into life!

All who have breath'd, or mov'd, or seen, or felt;
All they around whose cradles Kingdoms knelt;
Tyrants and warriors, who career'd in blood;
The great and mean, the glorious and the good,
Are rais'd from every isle, and land, and tomb,
To hear the changeless and eternal doom.

But while the universe is wrapt in fire,
Ere yet the splendid ruin shall expire,
Beneath a canopy of flame behold,
With starry banners at his feet unroll'd,
Earth's Judge: around seraphic minstrels throng,
Breathing o'er golden harps celestial song;
While melodies aërial and sublime
Weave a wild death-dirge o'er departing Time.

Imagination! furl thy wings of fire,
And on Eternity's dread brink expire;
Vain would thy red and raging eye behold
Visions of Immortality unroll'd!
The last, the fiery chaos hath begun,
Quench'd is the moon! and blacken'd is the sun!
The stars have bounded through the airy roar;
Crush'd lie the rocks, and mountains are no more;
The deep unbosom'd, with tremendous gloom
Yawns on the ruin, like Creation's tomb!

And lo! the living harvest of the Earth,
Reap'd from the grave to share a second birth;
Millions of eyes, with one deep dreadful stare,
Gaze upward through the burning realms of air;

While shapes, and shrouds, and ghastly features gleam,
Like lurid snow-flakes in the moonlight beam.

Upon the flaming Earth one farewell glance;
The billows of Eternity advance;
No motion, blast, or breeze, or waking sound!
In fiery slumber glares the world around!
'Tis o'er; from yonder cloven vault of heaven,
Throned on a car by living thunder driven,
Array'd in glory, see! th' Eternal come;
And, while the Universe is still and dumb,
And hell o'ershadow'd with terrific gloom,
T' immortal myriads deal the judgment doom!
Wing'd on the wind, and warbling hymns of love,
Behold! the blessed soar to realms above;

The curs'd, with hell uncover'd to their eye,
Shriek—shriek, and vanish in a whirlwind cry!
Creation shudders with sublime dismay,
And in a blazing tempest whirls away!

NOTES.

NOTES.

Note 1. p. 25.

" How soon the cloister'd stillness of the spot."

In Mr. Charles Butler's Life of De Rancé, there is a passage which may be quoted as illustrative of that feeling of awe inspired by a venerable ruin. Speaking of the Abbey de la Trappe, he writes—" All travellers who have given a description of it, agree, that the monastery and its environs present a scene, which even the strongest mind cannot view without a sentiment of awe. At a small distance from the monastery a dark forest encircles it on every side, and eleven lakes, the water of which is always of a dismal hue, and always stagnant, form round it, in two circles, a double moat. The solemn stillness of the scenery completes its horror."

Note 2. p. 31.

" Expands the blossom, and erects the tree."

" Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees—
Lives through all life—extends through all extent—
Spreads undivided—operates unspent."—POPE.

Note 3. p. 67.

" Soft steal thy bells upon the pensive mind."

It is pleasing to find that the most wildly-tempered minds can at times be tranquillized into a holy state of feeling by the simple peal of church bells. Bonaparte is recorded to have said—" Last Sunday evening, in the general silence of Nature, as I was walking in these grounds (of Malmaison), the sound of the church-bell of Ruel fell on my ear, and renewed all the impressions of my youth—I was profoundly affected. Such is the effect of early habit and associations."

Note 4. p. 96.

" Rear'd the red pike, and butcher'd for their pay!"

This revolting scene is thus described by Sir Walter Scott, in his Sketch of the French Revolution, prefixed to his Life of Napoleon:—" The outside of the palace was still besieged by the infuriated mob, who demanded, with hideous cries, and acclamations the most barbarous and

obscene, the Austrian, as they called the Queen. The unfortunate Princess appeared on her balcony, with one of her children in each hand. A voice from below cried out, 'No children!' as if on purpose to deprive the mother of that appeal to humanity which might move the hardest heart. Marie Antoinette, with a force of mind worthy Maria Theresa, her mother, pushed her children back into the room, and turning her face to the tumultuous multitude, which tossed and roared beneath, brandishing their pikes and guns with the wildest attitudes of rage, the reviled, persecuted, and denounced Queen stood before them, her arms folded on her bosom, with a noble air of courageous resolution."

Note 5. p. 100.

"*Speaks in the storm, and travels on the wind.*"

"Lo! the poor Indian whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind."

POEMS.

ACCIPE; SED FACILIS.

MORNING.

THE Sun is seated on his ocean throne
Engirdled with his court of clouds. Around,
Billows of damask and of orange light
Evolving roll, as from a cauldron heav'd!
While, from the midst, red bars of splendour shoot,
Careering fiercely to the midway skies;
There cower'd awhile, they swell to wizard shapes,
Advance, and, like battalions in array,
Mingle their hues, and make a ghastly plain
Of crimson on the skies.

Beneath, the waves
Shiv'ring and gleamy lie, like ruffled scales
Of liquid steel: and lo! awaking now
With the white dews of slumber on her breast,
The Earth! all fragrant, fresh in living green,
And beautiful, as if this moment sprung
From out her Maker's hand. Athwart the trees
A brassy lustre shines; where matin beads,
Like drops of light, have diamonded the boughs;
And here and there, some crisp'd and glossy stream,
Lit by a peeping ray, laughs through the leaves.

The flowers are waking too, and ope their eyes
To greet the prying sun, while meads and dales,
With hoary incense steam: and list!

The buzz of life! Myriads of insects now
Creep from their green-wood caves and mossy domes,
And wind their way, to glitter in the sun;
And oh! how merrily the birds arise,
And tire their warbling throats in votive songs;
While from yon hurdled hills the sheep-bells shake,
The tinkling echoes down the bushy dale.

And is creation's heir in sleepy calm,
Unmindful of the morn? Ah! no; its beam
Hath glanced upon the cottager's clean couch,
And call'd him up. And see!—the lattice oped,
He spies along the landscape's glitt'ring view,
And looks to heaven, and feels the toying breeze
Upheave his locks; and then angelic thoughts

Gush through his soul;—instinctively he owns
The presence of a God, and rends his heart
To Him, upon a sigh of artless love
And praise because another day is born.

NOON.

The Sun hath wax'd into his noontide wrath,
And 'fore his countenance the Earth lies scorch'd,
In agonies of heat! The winds are dead!
The shallow lakes are film'd, and fetid pools
Bubble upon the parched grounds; while flies
And insects, on the tumors of hot mud,
Basking and buzzing creep. The trees stand still
Amid the air, and at their matted trunks

The ploughman lies, his head upon his palms,
While 'tween the spangled leaves, the sheen of heaven
Gleams on him beauteously. The flowers are droop'd,
As if they languish'd for a breezy draught;
And e'en the flirting bee, now honey cloy'd,
Is humming languid on the rose's brim!
The world grows faint; and all is stirless, save
Yon sky-bird trav'lling to the sun; and hark!
Wing-poised, he peers undazzled at the blaze,
Hymning his heart-full of aërial strains.

Beneath this berried cliff, behold the sea
Magnificently spread! The billows pant,

And revel in the beams that on their shoal
Of glassy crests dance sparklingly; or wild
Disporting wreathe the ocean's breast,
And gambol to the shore,—like cherub groups
When on a glossy meadow bank they leap,
And roll in gay contortions!

Far beyond
Behold a rock majestically rear'd;
Upon whose brow the eagle sits at noon,
Rolling his eye-balls at the blazing sun!
High on the yellow beach its hoary side
Is bared unto the ocean, and the breeze
Upwafted,—like a tight and stately sail,
When whitening in the glow of heaven! And look!

The feath'ry forms of far-off sails are seen,
Alone upon the billows; or as clouds
Dropp'd down upon the deep, and dancing on
The swell of waters.

* * * * *

NIGHT.

Another day is added to the mass
Of buried ages. Lo! the beauteous moon,
Like a fair shepherdess, now comes abroad,
With her full flock of stars, that roam around
The azure meads of heaven. And, oh! how charm'd
Beneath her loveliness, creation looks;
Far-gleaming hills, and light-inweaving streams,
And sleeping boughs with dewy lustre clothed,

And green-hair'd valleys,—all in glory dress'd,
Make up the pageantries of Night. One glance
Upon old Ocean, where, the woven beams
Have braided her dark waves. Their roar is hush'd;
Her billowy wings are folded up to rest;
Till once again the wizard winds shall yell,
And tear them into strife.

A lone owl's hoot—
The waterfall's faint drip,—or insect stir
Among the emerald leaves,—or infant wind
Rifling the pearly lips of sleeping flowers,—
Alone disturb the stillness of the scene.

Spirit of All! as up yon star-hung deep
Of air, the eye and heart together mount,

Man's immortality within him stirs,
And Thou art all around! Thy beauty walks
In airy music o'er the midnight heavens;
Thy glory's shadow'd on the slumb'ring world.

MARIUS*.

Upon the silent shore great Marius sat,
Deserted and alone: his harass'd eye
Cast sullenly athwart the crested waves;
Where rode the traitor's bark. How fallen now,
Since that proud day when triumph fired his eye,
And Rome beheld her val'rous saviour there!
His thoughts went back to brighter days. He thought
Of that high morn, when, fronting Scipio's view,

* See Plutarch's Life of Marius.

With firm-paced step, and unretreating arm,
He dash'd the foe, and dragg'd him in the dust!
Of Rome's acclaim, when, throned upon his car,
Jugurtha's fetters clanking on his ear,—
He moved triumphant, 'mid the banner'd throng
That hail'd his Afrique conquests! Prouder still
His mem'ry hover'd round the laurell'd pile
Heap'd from the spoil'd Ambrones;—torch in hand,
And purple clad, as vet'rans round him stood,
He waved and whirl'd the blazing light to heaven,
While shields, and clashing spears, rang martial joy!
He thought of these, and then Despair awoke,
And delv'd a frown upon his war-worn brow,
That bent with recollections.

Thus Marius sat, and mused before the sea,
Till, bursting, from his shroud of grief and thought,
O'er bogs and wilds, dejectedly he roam'd
To shelter from his foes. Unto the fens,
Where deaden'd waters gleam'd, and rank reeds grew,
With wild and weary step, the wand'rer came;
And found compassion in a cotter's hut:
Rous'd thence, he couch'd within a narrow cave,
Beside the river; there was Marius ta'en,
And naked dragg'd unto Minturnæ's walls.

Within a cell, whose dungeon wall shed round
A dreadful gloom, the imprison'd warrior lay;
Dark, fierce, and frowning—dubious of his fate,
Like a chain'd eagle glaring at the skies!

The door burst open, and with clatt'ring teeth,
And hand that trembled with a dizzy flame,
Stalk'd in a savage Gaul; but ere he sheath'd
His gleaming dagger in the Roman's breast,
From his fierce eyes there flash'd a living flame,
Like lightning from a cloud! Th' assassin shook,
And reel'd, and shrunk affrighted from those eyes,
Whose flashes fell, like phantom darts of fire,
Upon his coward face. Then Marius rose,
And with a voice of thunder, dread and deep,
Cried,—"Dar'st thou do the deed?"

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Oh! Beauty is the master-charm,
The syren of the soul;
Whose magic zone encompasseth
Creation with control:
The foster-flame of every mind,
And love and light of human kind.

'Twas Beauty hung the blue-robed heavens;
She glitters in each star,
Or trippeth on the twilight breeze,
In melody afar:
She danceth on the dimpled stream,
And gambols in the ripple's gleam.

She couches on the coral wave,
And garlandeth the sea;
And weaves a music in the wind
That murmurs from the lea;
She paints the clouds, and points the ray,
And basketh in the blush of day.

She sits among the spangled trees,
And streaks the bud and flower;
She dims the air, and drops the dew
Upon the moonlight bower:
'Tis she unwreathes the wings of Night,
And cradles Nature in delight.

And woman!—Beauty was the power
That, with angelic grace,
Breath'd love around her glowing form,
And magic in her face;
She crisp'd the silky-flashing hair,
And on her brow—her throne is there!

She arm'd her liquid-rolling eye
With fairy darts of fire;
She wreath'd the lip of luscious hue,
And bade its breath inspire!
She shaped her for her queenly shrine,
And made her like herself—divine!

Oh! Beauty is the master-charm,
The syren of the soul;
Whose magic zone encompasseth
Creation with control!
The foster-flame of every mind,
And love and light of human kind.

STARLIGHT ON MARATHON.

No vesper breeze is floating now,
No murmurs shake the air;
A gloom hath veil'd the mountain's brow,
And quietude is there;
The night-beads on the dew-white grass
Drop brilliant as my footsteps pass.

No hum of life disturbs the scene,
The clouds are roll'd to rest;
'Tis like a calm where grief hath been,
So welcome to the breast!
The warring tones of day have gone,
And starlight gleams on Marathon.

I look around from earth to sky,
And gaze from star to star;
Till Grecian hosts seem gliding by,
Triumphant from the war:
Like sleepless spirits from the dead
Revisiting where once they bled.

What, though the mounds that mark'd each name,
Beneath the wings of Time
Have worn away,—theirs is the fame,
Immortal and sublime;
For who can tread on Freedom's plain,
Nor wake her dead to life again?

Oh! to have seen the marching bands,
And heard the battle-clash,
Have seen their weapon-clenching hands,
And eyes' defiant flash,—
Their radiant shields and dancing crests,
And corselets on their swelling breasts.

Then said the mother to her son,
And pointed to his shield,
" Come *with* it when the battle's done,
Or *on* it—from the field !"
Then mute she glanced her fierce-bright eye,
That spoke of ages vanish'd by.

Twas here they fought: and martial peals
Once thunder'd o'er the ground,
And gash and wound from plunging steels
Bedew'd the battle mound;
Here Grecians trod the Persian dead,
And Freedom shouted while she bled!

But gone the day of Freedom's sword,
And cold the patriot brave,
Who mow'd the dastard-minded horde
Unto a gory grave;
While Greece arose sublimely free,
And dauntless as her own dark sea.

Still, Starlight sheds the same pale beam
For aye upon the plain;
And musing breasts might fondly dream
The Grecian free again;
For empires fall, and Freedom dies,
But dimless beauty robes the skies.

May He whose glory gems the sky,
God of the slave and free!
Hear every patriot's burning sigh
That's offered here for thee;
For thee, sad Greece! and every son
That braves a Turk on Marathon.

STANZAS.

O! REST thee in thy green-turf grave,
There is no sorrow there;
For tomb'd within, the wretched have
A freedom from despair.

No more shall come the hour of woe,
Nor Hope's delusive light;
Untroubled is thy sleep below,
Upon the bed of night.

The dews of anguish damp'd thy brow,
Thine was the wither'd heart
No stormy woes can scare thee now,
So dreamless as thou art!

Then rest thee in thy desert tomb,
Beneath the dewy sod;
Till Mercy shall unshroud the gloom,
And summon thee to God.

CÆSAR ON THE BANKS OF THE RUBICON.

Amid the roar of revelry
Within th' Alesian dome,
He moved, with glad, but musing eye,—
The vanquisher of Rome!
His spirit mingled with the gay,
And flash'd the gloom of war away.

And there he joyed, till darkling Night
Threw round her dewy veil,
And mist wreath'd round each Alpine height
That beetled o'er the dale;
Then Cæsar rose, his bosom fraught
With incommunicable thought.

And swiftly sped the hero on,
Along his shadowy road;
And reach'd where roll'd the Rubicon,
That from the mountains flow'd;
And there his giant thought's control
Chain'd down a dauntless Cæsar's soul.

Before him, heav'd the river-bound
Between great Rome and Gaul;
If cross'd—what trumpet-clangs would sound;
How many a foeman fall!
The vision'd Future, wild with woes,
Before him, like a spectre rose.

He mused on battle, war, and blood,
On plunder'd cities' storm;
The ready daggers of the good
Against a tyrant's form;
On all the mountain-perils thrown
'Tween Rome and triumph,—for his own!

Of what the unborn Times would say,
At Rubicon's grand name,
Of him who track'd with blood his way,
And with it built his fame;
Would he not seem a demon then,
Who ravish'd all the rights of men?

And thus the mighty Cæsar stood,
And battled with his mind;
Then gazed upon the fatal flood,
And dash'd his doubts behind!
Like a bent bow, his pride return'd,
And all the Roman in him burn'd.

"The die is cast!—the die is cast!"
With reckless fire he cried;
Then swift the Rubicon he pass'd,
And reach'd the Roman side;
Ere day had dawn'd, he drew the sword,
And Ariminum hail'd him lord.

STANZAS.

Who hath not watch'd the heaven of eve,
When round the horizon seems to weave
A sea of clouds, whose bosoms heave
In floating beauty there?

Those lovely phantoms, how they glide
In all their calm and airy pride,
Moved by the breath of eventide,
Along the dew-lipp'd flowers!

Some, crimson-wove, voluptuous sail,
Some girdled with a ruby veil,
And others, beaming brightly-pale,
As beauty's radiant brow.

And so smiles now this rose-wreath'd room,
Where float along in braid and plume,
All blushing with their virgin bloom,
The maidens of the night.

Lo! yonder trips a blue-eyed troop,
Who bend their glowing heads, and droop,
As graceful as a lily group
All languid with perfume!

And near them glides a gentle pair,
That dance their grape-like clustering hair,
As if their very ringlets were
Communing with their joy.

On each fair cheek the life-blush warms,
While tinctur'd with their Paphian charms,
The maidens twine their ivory arms,
And circle through the dance.

Like moon-gleams shivering on the lake,
Their feet with dizzy motion shake,
As down the dance their steps they take,
With love-beams in their eye.

Then, why, amid this heaven of joy,
Should dreams of darkening woe annoy,
Or thoughts of deathful gloom destroy
The elysium of the hour?

Alas! the scene will swiftly fade,
The music cease, depart the maid,
And cold-eyed Day the room invade,
With uncongenial smile:

Some hearts will pine, and some will weep,
And many in the grave will sleep,
And every eye shall sorrow steep,
Ere we unite again.

Yes! many a shape of love and light,
Whose eyes are glitt'ring with delight,
Like starry dreams that visit night,
Shall wither into clay!

THE DEATH OF CORINNE.

All pale, and pillow'd on a chair, she lay,—
The beautiful, the passionate Corinne!
The beamy language of her eyes no more
Darted around such eloquence of soul,
As when, amid the crowd, her feelings flash'd
From out their burning balls; while she herself
Was living poetry! Deep pensiveness,
And intense looks, that tell the blighted heart,
Effus'd a dreamy languor round her form.

Ere yet her spirit breath'd itself to heaven,
She sat, to gaze upon the shrouded Moon,

Riding the mellow skies: Athwart her face
Floated that fatal cloud; the same she saw
When Melville woo'd her by the winding shore:
On him, enamour'd kneeling at her feet,
She look'd, and in one look condens'd
The buried anguish of a broken heart;
Her white lips feebly parted, then re-clos'd
For ever! Gazing then upon the sky,
She faintly beckon'd to the gleaming moon,
While down her neck her streamy ringlets fell,
Like dropping sunbeams on a pallid cloud!

'And now a change came on; the blood sunk back
Beneath her radiant cheek, her eye-lids mov'd
Like melting snow-flakes from the noon-tide glow,

And all her beauty quite empyreal turn'd,
As if refining, ere it went to heaven;
Her hand fell downward with her farewell sigh—
Her spirit had departed!

THE PAINS OF GENIUS.

ENVY not the Poet's name,
Darken not his dawn of fame
'Tis the guerdon of a mind
'Bove the thralls of earthly kind;
'Tis the haven for a soul
Where the storms of genius roll;
It often lights him to his doom,
A halo round an early tomb!

The whirling brain, and heated brow,
Ideas that torture while they grow;

The soaring fancy over-fraught,
The burning agonies of thought;
The sleepless eye, and racking head,
The airy terrors round him spread:
Or freezing smile of Apathy,
Or scowl of green-eyed Jealousy;
Or haggard Want, whose lean hands wave
Unto a cold uncover'd grave;
Oh! these must win a Poet's name,
Then, darken not his dawn of fame.

THE TRANCE.

(A FRAGMENT.)

——I TOOK one faint and lingering look,
And then, all vanish'd in the sickly light
That swam around the bed; all seem'd to melt
To shadowy indistinctness—like far hills
From those who ride upon the ocean's waves:
A dreamy giddiness dissolv'd my brain;
Mine eye-balls sunk, and coldly press'd like lead;
While creeping chills bedew'd my pallid form,
That flinch'd, as if it shudder'd at itself,
Or would condense, like water ere it freeze!

My life-fount curdled into clotted blood,
Then, cold and nerveless lay each marbled limb,
And dotted with the mystic dews of death.

Sightless, and breathless, thus entranc'd I lay;
Though motionless, with feeling so acute,
As if it doubled, to make up for sight:
And like a solitary cloud, I seem'd
Self-balanc'd in a universe of gloom.

And, oh! how sad it was to hear and feel
Fond friends around me, dreaming death had shut
All sense of life; to feel their living lips
Impress'd upon my gelid ones; to hear
Their heart-swell'd groans, and choking sobs and sighs,
While gazing on my bloodless form.

Oft too,
When midnight bells had toll'd the world to sleep,
A young, but unforgetting sister, came
To meditate, and sorrow o'er my doom:
I kenn'd her feath'ry steps, as on they stole,
Like twilight o'er the flowers. And when she took
My stony fingers in her life-warm hand,
And kiss'd my smooth-strain'd brow, and talk'd so sweet,
And lisp'd her mournful love,—how horrible,
That language could not ease the burden'd mind!

V

Two days departed; then the flaky shroud
Enwrapp'd me in its folds, that rustled round,
Like rumpled waters: last, the coffin came,
And well I knew, as with a solemn step

And trembling hand, they stretch'd my deadlike frame,
Envelop'd in its fun'ral vest. More drear
Than all, was that long, sad, and silent hour,
When, one by one, the speechless mourners took
Their last and ling'ring glance; I felt their sighs,
And tears that burn'd my cheek—but I was still!

And, oh! most horrible!—I heard the screws
Crush through the wood, and seal my coffin-lid;
And then the rattling hearse, the grave-side prayers,
The thick and careless clods that patter'd down
Upon my bier, till bedded with the dust;
And then———

VIVE L'EMPEREUR*!

By Wilid's banks the rushing river swept
Like a careering whirlwind; white with foam,
And plunging on in many a gurgled roar
Of furious rage. So fiercely flies the steed,

* The river Wilid being swollen with rain, and the bridges destroyed, the emperor (Napoleon) commanded a body of Polish cavalry to cross by swimming: they did not hesitate to dash into the river; but ere they reached the middle of the stream, an irresistible torrent broke their ranks, and they were lost almost to a man, before the eyes of Napoleon, to *whom some of them, in the last struggle, turned their faces, exclaiming,* "VIVE L'EMPEREUR!"—*Sir* WALTER SCOTT'S *Life of Napoleon.*

Unmanacled, that with his upshot ears,
And limbs vein-swelling with their wrathful glow,
Undaunted gallops over hill and dale,
His mane dishevell'd, and his eyes on fire.
Each massy bridge was ruin'd, and afar
The giddy wrecks were battling with the flood,
Till whirl'd below. 'Twas then Napoleon came
With his embattled hosts. That wondrous man,
Whose daring spirit, with volcanic rage,
Breathed flame and ruin on the affrighted world;
His eye could span the universe! His soul
Had fire enough to vanquish all! In vain
Wild Nature barr'd his progress with her piles
Tiared by the clouds; in vain the rocks
Uprear'd their ice-hair'd heads to block his path,

Or hurl'd their torrents at him! With a glance,
Fierce as the eagle's, when his piercing eye
Gleams through the darkening air,—he look'd beyond
Them all: Nature and he were giants twin,
And her impediments but forc'd the flames
Of genius from his soul; as thunder-clouds,
Together clash'd, dart forth their lightning gleams.

Upon the howling flood he cast a glance,
Such as the tiger darts, ere on his prey
He springs, to gnash it in his rav'nous fangs;
Then fiercely cried,—"On! on! my valiant Poles!"
They answer'd not! but with a clanging stir
Goaded their pawing battle-steeds, and plunged
Amid the torrent's rush. Like loosen'd crags

Down dashing on the sea, the warriors sank,
Emburied in the stream; then buoy'd again,
And panting, cleav'd their roaring track. Beneath
Their gallant burdens, bravely paw'd the steeds,
With blowing nostrils, and red-rolling eyes,
And many a furious snort: against their breasts
The cloven waters foam'd, and flash'd behind
Their darting hoofs; and roar'd, and raged around.
The dripping ranks, like a disturbed den
Of lions in the wood: but vain the rush;
Midway the maddening torrent overwhelm'd
The struggling files; like a tremendous blast
Among autumnal leaves, it scatter'd all!
Rank after rank was buried in the flood,
Upon their panting steeds; while round their sinking
heads

The waters yell'd, as victors o'er their foes;
But in that gasp—while yet their spirits hung
'Tween life and death, as feathers in the air—
They turn'd their heads, and with triumphant shrieks
Of valour, wildly sounded,—"VIVE L'EMPEREUR!"

He heard their death-cries rolling on the blast,
And, as a lake, just rippled into life,
His features flutter'd with terrific throes
Of agony;—and then, he gnash'd his teeth,
And dug his nails into his palms, and heav'd
His breast, and glanced his eyes, and groan'd for words!

A DAUGHTER'S APOSTROPHE TO A DEPARTED MOTHER.

If gentle spirits, wing'd away
To their seraphic sphere,
May hear Affection fondly pray,
Or mark a mourner's tear;

Pure spirit! floating realms of love,
Beyond this earthly wild,
Shed down sweet influence from above,
To bless thine orphan child.

As oft at pensive eve I roam,
Thine image visits me;
While Fancy paints the happy home,
Once so adorn'd by thee.

The smile that rambled o'er thy cheek,
And shamed the pang of art;
The mellow tones I heard thee speak,
Still linger round my heart!

That glowing welcome of thine eye,
The fondness in thy fear;
The meek-borne anguish in thy sigh,
The pity in thy tear;

The mild reluctance in that frown
That won me ere it changed;
The glance that charm'd my spirit down,
When giddily it ranged;

Those lips that lull'd each maiden woe,
And bade the smile to play;
Nor left the burning tears to flow,
But kiss'd them all away:

Yes! these, and all thy sweeter love,
Shed round my childhood's hour,
Oft bear me to yon home above,—
To thine Elysian bower.

Oh! if thou hear my orphan prayer,
And faithful fondness see;
Thou know'st I sigh to enter there,
And be at rest with thee!

THE DREADFUL PRAYER*.

No priestly prayer avail'd: gaunt Famine stalk'd
Through Cairo's streets by day and night, and suck'd
The life-blood from her hungry thousands there;
From wall to wall, from house to house, were heard
The gasping yells of famish'd men, and wails
Of mothers, with dead infants at their breasts,
Whose baked lips, and eyelids curling up
Like wither'd violet leaves, and fleshless hands,
Were blasted by the pest of Famine's touch.

* See Anastasius, vol. ii. p. 101.

Some gnaw'd their nails in agony; some groan'd,
And work'd their eye-balls with a horrid glare,
Rooted their tresses, and expired! And here,
Pale groups, with bony cheek and beamless stare,
Did stagger out, and choke themselves with cries
For death! while others, 'neath funereal palls,
Moved slowly on, like sable thunder-clouds,
Then sat, and howl'd upon the new-dug graves!
So deadlike look'd the bloodless shapes around,
That Cairo seemed a charnel-house revived,
Whose dregs were crawling into life again!

In vain the priests exhaled their souls to heaven
In agonizing prayers; no Mercy smiled
An answer to their vows. Still Famine swept

Her thousands into dust; still every wind
Wing'd to the skies the howlings of despair.
At length unspotted babes, whose milk-white robes
Gleam'd pure as dove-wings in the radiant air,
By Imans led, climb'd up the min'ret spires,
To sue a pestilence,—the famine's cure:
There, on the gilded peaks, their hands were raised,
In adoration clasp'd, as if instinct with prayer;
And while their cherub mouths in lisping tones
Besought the plague, the pale-eyed crowd below,
Stirr'd like a waking wind upon the deep,
Moved their lean lips, and mutter'd—"Let it be!"

Heaven heard the prayer: a Pestilence came down,
And made an atmosphere of death! Men dropp'd

Into corruption, thick as wintry blights
Upon the blacken'd bushes. Hill and dale,
Hamlet and city, groan'd with ghastly piles
Of green-eyed dead: the houses turned to tombs,
And they who roam'd the desert's dewless wilds
Were plague-smit by the way, and moulder'd there,
Like scathed branches from a forest tree:
And thus was Cairo curs'd, till by the dead
The plague itself corrupted, died away.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

STAR of the East! Thou God and Man immixt
Thou that didst dwell in thine Elysian bowers
Of sempiternal light, before the world
Roll'd fresh and glitt'ring from Almighty hands!—
The fire-wing'd choristers who harp on high,
Alone can sing the sorrows of Thy love;
Of love, that snatch'd a universe from hell,
And burst the starry gates of heaven!

Lo! in yon pillar'd hall, amid the hum
Of fierce-tongued soldiers, see the Saviour stand,

All quiv'ring from the scourge: around they ramp,
And tear His lowly dress with tiger hands,
Then robe him in an azure vest, and crown
His Godlike temples with entwined thorns;
And last, as from His pierc'd and flesh-torn brow
The heavy blood-drops ooze, with impious jeer
They place the sceptre reed within His hand,
And kneel and bow, and smite His awful head,
And spit upon His grief-worn face,—and cry,
"HAIL, MONARCH OF THE JEWS!"

That mock'ry's o'er!
And now, to crucifixion see Him led,—
His cross in front by some Cyrenian borne.
O, never yet was such an altar rear'd!

O, never yet was such an offering slain!
His agony is dumb; they scoff, and taunt,
And grind their murd'rous teeth,—but not a throe
Of wrath can wrinkle His celestial calm!
Forgiveness is His prayer! The undying souls
Of those long swallow'd in the eternal gulph—
And they that are, and they that shall be born
To battle with the flesh,—the throne of God,
And all the bright-wing'd choirs, whose harps shall sound
"SALVATION!" through the star-roof'd halls of heaven,
To welcome back the Heir of Glory,—these
Are playing round His heart; and deadly pangs
Force no resentful frown.

At Golgotha,
Behold the blessed Christ! Upon the cross,
Upon the cross, His holy limbs are stretch'd!
And every nerve and vein is rack'd and wrench'd,
In agonies unspeakable!—and look!
Where through His palms the hammer'd nails have
pierced!
And through His bare and unresisting feet,
The red wounds gape and spout! Stupendous
scene
Of awful pain!—the martyr'd SON OF GOD,
Uprear'd upon the Cross, to save the world!
Approach! and gaze! and wonder till ye weep!
Convulsive lines of torture grave his face,
And flutter o'er His breast!—The veins unroll

In loose and languid stretch, and from his brow
The lukewarm life-stream trickles slowly down,
And clots beneath his feet! His head is bent
Blood-matted o'er His shoulder, while His eyes,
Dim-grown and hollow with the rack, look meek
Upon His butchers round the cross, who howl,
And o'er His quarter'd garment cast their lots.

And, lo! with eye upturn'd in voiceless woe,
His virgin mother!—all a mother's pangs
Of pity for her tortured son upheave
Her bosom, and convulse her bloodless cheek!
Nor can the deadly riot of His pains
Chill the warm current of His filial love:
Adown, with tender gaze of truth, he looks,

And to the bosom-partner of His toils
Confides the weeping Mary,—to a Son!

And,—sad, but ignominious sight!—two thieves
In bloody fellowship with CHRIST are hung:—
One turns around, with sidelong glance of scorn
To rail, and mutters from his parched throat
A hideous jeer. The other, meek and faint,
Dejected cries, "O CHRIST! remember me
When Thou art in the palace of Thy love!"
Divine and glorious answer!—"Ere the day
Shall die, in Paradise with Me thou'lt walk."

But, see, the Sun hath sunk in clouds away,
As if aghast! A pall of darkness veils

The land of Palestine;—a stilly gloom
More dreadful than the deepest night. The hills
Grow dim; the rivers roll, as if in wrath!
And men, with quailing limbs and dropping lips
Come forth, and stare, tongue-tied, upon the skies!
And hark!—from off the Cross, is loudly heard
In piercing tones of Death—"My God! My God!—
Oh, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"—Again—
"My God! My God! oh! why dost Thou forsake!"
'Tis o'er!—the blood-red eye is film'd, and shut
Within its socket;—'gainst His weary breast
The last heart-pulse hath beat; and now, behold!
With waxen limbs, and gore-wreath'd locks, and lips

With sweet compassion printed on their curve,
The CHRIST,—a Sacrifice for lost mankind!

O! never since the infant beam of Time
Glanced on the new-born world, was such an hour!
The Temple's veil was rent in awful proof;
The Sun of Israel set; the Eternal curse
Was blotted out with holy blood!—Earth quail'd
As though some Spirit of the skies had come
To heave her huge foundations! Every rock
And mountain shook, while o'er the muttering deep
The dismal waters coil'd—as if they feared!
And last, the graves unlock'd themselves, and shades
Stalk'd out, and glided through the quaking town,

And floated by the living, like faint gleams
Of fairy moonlight o'er a pallid wall!

Hell heard, and shudder'd as it heard the wail
And dying words of Christ!—while Satan howl'd,
And gnash'd his teeth amid the furnace glow
Of everlasting fires, to know his wrath
Should ne'er be glutted on the world!—that Heaven
Was won, and to rebellious man unbarr'd!
Unbarr'd!—oh! if Imagination may
Plume her young wing, and wander, faith-borne,
THERE,—
A peal more joyous than the choral stars,
Upon the birth-day of created worlds,
Re-echoed round her crystal domes; while all

The countless seraphs wreath'd their dazzling wings
In awe, before the lightning-shrouded throne
Of The Invisible! then woke their harps
To melodies divine, and hail'd the LAMB
Triumphant from His Martyrdom below!

Great LORD of Love and Light! that now art
throned
Amid the unimagin'd halls above,
Oh, speed! oh, speed! the universal day
Of Peace and Truth; roll on the flood of time,
And waft Thy message to the farthest isle
Beneath Thy Sun!—Speak Thou! and light will
flash
Upon the prison'd Soul, as erst it did

From its primeval fount, on Nature's gloom!
O! then, no more will martyr-widows drop
Their flaming limbs upon the funeral pile;
Nor foaming victims with delirious yells
Be crush'd by cars, or ripp'd with steel!—But
Truth,
In her celestial beauty, shall appeal,
And banish dreadful Superstition's deeds;
Till every heart and eye, and voice and hand,
Shall worship Thee; and every land and isle
Become Thy flock, and every Soul be saved!

Two thousand years have swiftly travell'd down
The gulph of time, since on the glorious Cross,
Divinest Martyr, Thou wert nail'd!—The World,

With all its pageantry and pride, prevails;
Men smile and struggle,—labour, sin, and die,
As if thy blood had never blotted out
The crimes of earth; as if at last, Thy might
And majesty should not appear. Still, Thou
Hast said! and Thou wilt visit earth again!
But not the homeless orphan of the world,
To wander on in pain and woe, and weep,
And perish on the tree;—but, on Thy car
Of lightning, rolling from th' unfathom'd depths
Of Heaven!—while Spirits, robed in radiant light,
Brandish their glittering banners o'er Thy throne,
And all the clouds, like burning billows, flash,
And bound beneath Thy feet!—The trump shall peal
That dead-awakening blast, more full and deep

Than thunder in its maddest roar!—The Sea
Shall yawn, and all her buried hosts arise,
The graves burst open, and the dust unite
Into a living form!—and then shall come
THE JUDGMENT, AND THE EVERLASTING DOOM!'

LONDON BY MIDNIGHT.

The fret and fever of the day are o'er,
And London slumbers, but with murmurs faint,
Like Ocean, when she folds her waves to sleep:
'Tis the pure hour for poetry and thought;
When passions sink, and man surveys the heavens,
And feels himself immortal.

O'er all a sad sublimity is spread,—
The dimming smile of night; amid the air,

Darkly and drear, the spiry steeples rise,
Like shadows of the past; the houses lie
In dismal clusters, moveless as in sleep:
And, towering far above the rest, yon dome
Uprears, as if self-balanced in the gloom;
A spectre cowering o'er the dusky piles.

And, see! I stand on ground, whose glorious name
Might turn a coward brave; on thy huge bridge,
Triumphant Waterloo. Above, how calm!
There moon and star commingling radiance shed,
Steeping the skies in beauty. Smooth and pale
The pearly-bosom'd clouds recline, enlink'd,

* St. Paul's.

Like wave-festoons upon the glossy deep.
Below, the Thames outspread; serene and dim!
And, as I gaze, a cooling breath ascends,
And melts upon my brow: like the worn heart
When stormy cares have slept, the river seems,
Peaceful and still, save when a wind-sigh stirs
The waveless slumber of its breast; like dreams,
That quiver on the marble face of sleep.

Along each side the darkling mansions frown
Funereal in their gloom. Afar, and faint,
The bridge-lamps glimmer o'er the tranquil stream,
As if enchain'd upon the air: beneath
Are thrown out quiv'ring columns of red light;
And, here and there, a tower and shadowy spire

Are imaged on the water; sad and shrunk,
Like flower-leaves wither'd by the summer blaze.

Yonder, in dim magnificence, behold
The many-window'd pile;* apart and proud,
In gloomy grandeur, like a lofty mind,
Unmingling with the baser crowd. One half
Is clothed with moonlight's pallid veil,
Beneath a darkness dwells, whence portals yawn
In cavern-gloom upon the drowsy tide,
Like tombs unbarr'd.

But, hark! from yonder dome
The Day is toll'd into Eternity!

* Somerset-House.

How hollow, dread, and dismal is the peal,
Now rolling up its vast account to Heaven!
Awhile it undulates, then dies away
In muttered echoes, like the ebbing groans
Of drowning men: and, see! the toiling moon
Is in a fane of clouds, and I am lone,
Unseen, but by the sleepless One! Oh, God!
I FEEL Thine eye upon me, and I shrink
Awe-smote beneath its gaze, like melting snow
Beneath Thy sun!

How noiseless are the streets; a few hours gone,
And all was fierce commotion; car and hoof,
And bick'ring wheel, and crackling stone, and throats
That rang with revelry, and woe—were here

Immingled in the stir of life; but now,
A deadness mantles round the midnight scene.
Time, with his awful feet, has paced the world,
And frown'd her myriads into sleep!—'Tis hush'd!
Save, when a distant drowsy watch-call breaks
Intrusive on the calm; or rapid cars,
That roll them into silence. Beauteous look
The train of houses, yellow'd by the moon,
Whose tile-roofs slanting down amid the light,
Gleam like an azure track of waveless sea!

But who was she, that with a fairy step
And dropping lip of smiles, came floating by
Like April's merry breeze? Alas! alas!
Let nights of laughing agony, and crimes

That burn in tortures on the tainted heart,
Let sated passion, and the fever'd frame—
Let these betray the orphan of the night!
As on her guilt-worn face, the lamp-beam fell,
Reluctantly, methought her eye reveal'd
The curse of mis'ry—gladness in disguise.

The squares—how haughtily reposed they stand
At this deep hour, with massy sides erect
Of stately piles; where windows broad and bright,
Like molten mirrors shine; and freckled walls
Are steep'd in light that ripples on the stone:
Beneath, amid the laurel leaves that shake
Upon the drooping boughs, the lamp-rays flit
In twinkling playfulness, like infant eyes,

Once more upon the climbing moon, ere yet,
Cloud-shaded, she withdraw,—a moment glance;
There as we gaze, what undefined awe,
What thoughts ethereal flutter round the heart!
On her fair brow we seem to write and read
The mind's quick fancies; all the Past awakes,
Begirt with sweet creations, till the fount
Of Sympathy unlocks; and then, a tear
Will steal in brightly on the manliest eye;
A precious tear, pure welling from the soul.

The Past!—Oh! who on London stones can tread,
Nor shadow forth the spirits that have been?
An atmosphere of genius genders here
Remembrance of the past! The storied nurse,

The ancient mother of the mighty, Thou,
Unrivall'd London! Sages, poets, kings,
And all the giant race of glorious fame,
Whose world-illuming minds, like quenchless stars,
Burn through the wreck of ages,—triumph'd here,
Or ravish'd hence a beam of Fame! And now
Imagination cites these mighty dead
In dismal majesty from out the tomb!

And who shall paint the midnight scenes of life
In this vast city?—mart of human kind!
Some weary wrecks of woe are lapp'd in sleep,
And bless'd in dreams, whose day-life was a curse!
Some, heart-rack'd, roll upon a sleepless couch,
And from the heated brain create a hell
Of agonizing thoughts, and ghostly fears,

While Pleasure's moths, around the golden glare
Of princely halls, dance off the dull-wing'd hours:
And oh! perchance, in some infectious cell,
Far from his home, unaided and alone,
The famish'd wand'rer dies:—no voice to sound
Sweet comfort to his heart—no hand to smooth
His bed of death,—no beaming eye to bless
The spirit hov'ring o'er another world!

But list! the laugh of Pleasure loads the wind;
'Tis Folly's soulless idols, saunt'ring home,
Faced with a mask of smiles. And one there is,
Upon whose haggard cheek a glance may read
A tale of blighted years and buried woes:
His dome is reached; and where the window gleams

Dart o'er the street a dizzy chain of light,
Awhile he gazes on his mirror'd face,
And sighs to see what havoc Pleasure makes!
Then drops upon his couch, while round him float
In visionary throngs, the glowing forms
That beautified the night:—and where are they?
At home; heart-wearied, gloomy as their dreams,
And glad that Time has clutch'd another day.

Turn to a nobler victim of the night;
Where yonder casement sheds a dismal gloom
Upon the breezeless air, aloft and lone,
The unregarded wreck of Genius toils,
With burning brain, and dewy brow: The Day
Hath gone to rest, but Slumber visits not

His sunken eyes. The gnawing fires of thought
Have fed upon his youthful cheek, and parch'd
His tongue, and drawn the life-stream from his lip,—
The lightnings of the soul have scar'd his frame!
But Fame stands beckoning, and he battles on
Through want and woe, until he win the goal;
A welcome one, though Death should drag him there

And shall this city-queen—this peerless mass
Of pillar'd domes, and grey-worn towers sublime,
Be blotted from the world, and forests wave
Where once the second Rome was seen? Oh! say,
Will rank grass grow on England's royal streets,
And wild beasts howl, where Commerce stalk'd supreme?

Alas! let Mem'ry dart her eagle-glance
Down vanish'd time, till summon'd Ages rise
With ruin'd empires on their wings! Thought weeps
With patriot truth, to own a funeral day,
Heart of the universe! shall visit thee,
When round thy wreck some lonely man shall roam,
And, sighing, say—"'Twas here vast London stood!"

But, hark! again the heavy bell has peal'd
Its doleful thunder through the skies: the stars
Grow pale, the moon seems weary of her course;
And Morn begins to blossom in the east:
Then, let me home! and Heaven protect my thoughts!

THE END.

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